HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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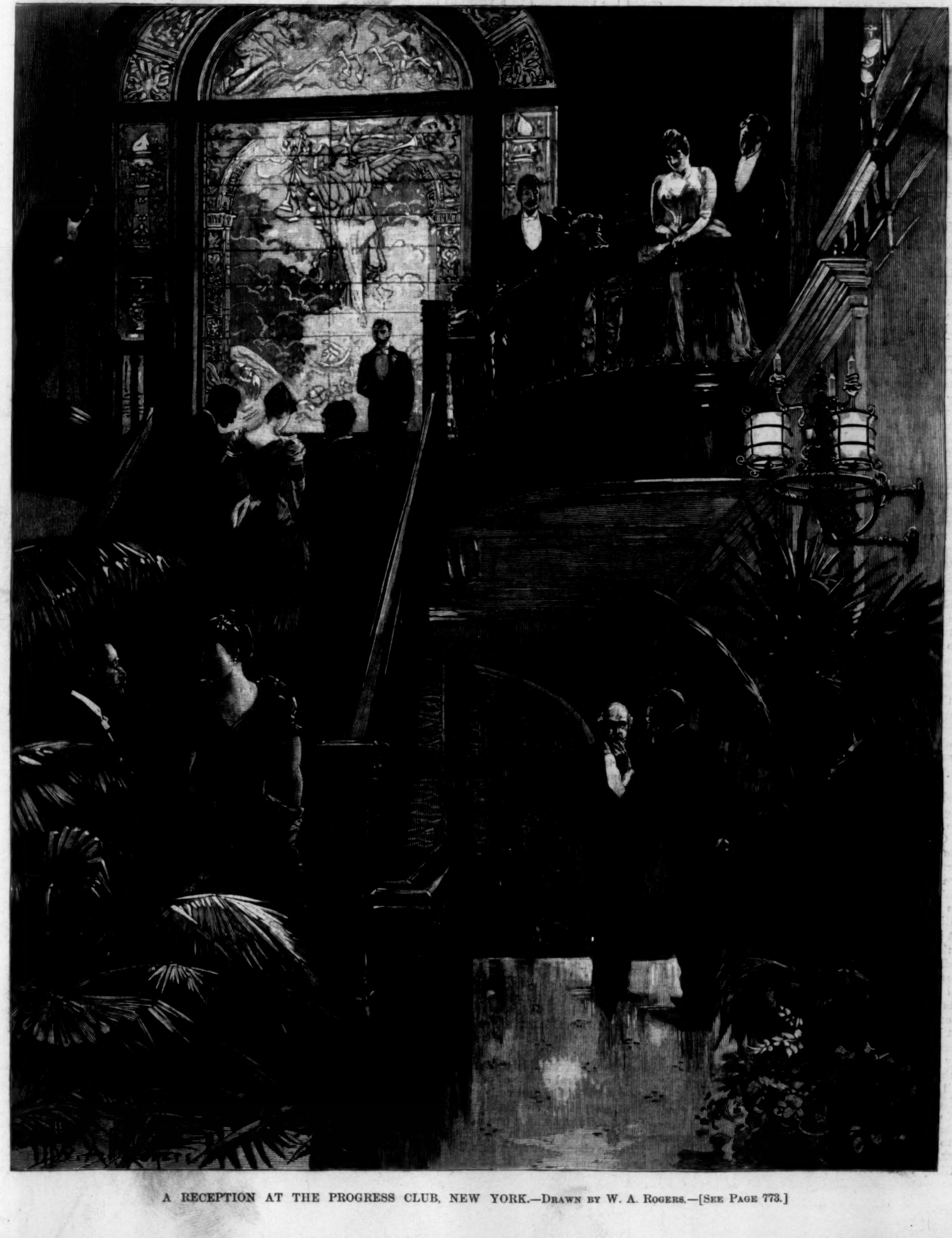

A RECEPTION AT THE PROGRESS CLUB, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 773.]

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TAMMANY HALL AND BALLOT REFORM.

INDEPENDENCE in politics does not mean voting the Democratic ticket. It means supporting at all elections the candidates who seem upon the whole most likely to advance the results which the independent voter desires. In his late admirable letter to the *Times*, Mr. Matthew Hale, of Albany, states very lucidly an independent view of the situation in New York. The independent voters in that State are generally friends of tariff revision. As a body they are certainly not the least intelligent and public-spirited citizens, and they are ready and active in every movement of political reform. They are also no less friends of ballot reform and of civil service reform than of tariff reform or revision. While, therefore, in a national campaign in which tariff revision should be the chief issue, they would support any proper Democratic candidate as its representative, unless there were reasons which required other action, they would be naturally disposed in a State election to support the candidate of whatever party, assuming his general fitness for the office, whose election promised to promote ballot reform. In other words, while next year they might support the national candidate of tariff revision, this year they would support the State candidate of ballot reform. It would be a singular abandonment of the most immediate and pressing duty in the State to vote against ballot reform this year in order to secure prestige for tariff reform next year.

To the assertion that State politics cannot be separated from national politics, the answer is that they are separated this year in New York. There is no doubt that a very large independent vote will be cast for the Republican candidate for the Governorship, whose convictions and legislative conduct, and the express and detailed declaration of his party, make his election with a Legislature of the same views the guarantee of ballot reform. It can be hardly seriously urged that the success of a candidate originally selected by Governor Hill, and adopted if not proposed by Tammany Hall, with a Legislature in sympathy with him, offers a reasonable hope of such reform. Tammany Hall has apparently extinguished the County Democracy, which, theoretically, represented "the better element" of the party. It has recovered a power in the party such as it has not held since the days of Tweed. If it be said that it is only nominally Democratic, that it is a mere conspiracy of men who live upon the public money, and have no political or other principles whatever, the reply is that it is a conspiracy of thieves maintained in power by the Democratic party. It nominates the party candidates, and it is the chief and controlling party organization. All intelligent men know perfectly well what Tammany Hall is, and if honest Democrats would refuse to sustain it, it would fall. It is an extraordinary illustration of party sophistication that Democrats who are sincerely friendly to ballot reform and honest government should suppose that they can secure them by supporting Tammany Hall, or that they should be willing to support Tammany Hall in New York this year as a method of promoting tariff reform in the country next year.

To say that ballot reform, for instance, has as good a chance of success, that the blanket ballot is as likely to be adopted, and the paster, which was Governor Hill's method of neutralizing the effect of the bill, is likely to be abolished, with a Tammany Governor and Legislature is to waste words. To allege that with Democratic success this year there would not be a Tammany Governor and Legislature is to forget the power that controlled the Convention. This year in New York Democratic success means defeat of ballot reform as plainly as last year in the country it meant approval of tariff reform. To vote for Tammany this year, and to call it supporting tariff reform next year, is most seriously to wound that reform. For when in New York Democratic success means Tammany ascendency, it is an issue which takes precedence of all others, and greatly decreases the chances of independent support, for any purpose, of a party which is the bulwark of the most corrupt and corrupting of political organizations.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CAMPAIGN.

The Democratic party in Massachusetts has renominated Governor Russell by acclamation. He accepted the nomination in a vigorous and aggressive speech which showed his consciousness of the admirable manner in which the pledge of good government given by his nomination last year has been fulfilled. The platform makes, upon the whole, the best declaration of all the conventions of the year upon the silver question, and its declaration that appointments should be made in the spirit of civil service reform is justified by the course of Governor Russell. But while in New York the Republican campaign will turn mainly upon State issues, in Massachusetts the Republicans are obliged to rely, as in Ohio, upon national questions. The situation in New York and Ohio shows why it is that the larger part of the independent vote in the country, while favorable to revision of the tariff in the interest of raw material and of the great body of consumers, yet declines to identify itself with the Democratic party, although as a party it favors that policy. In a word, the reason is that the Democratic party is very much more than a tariff-revision party. In Ohio it is a free silver coinage party, and in New York it is a Tammany party. In Massachusetts, on the contrary, it is not only a party of reform in the tariff, but of the soundest views of the currency, and friendly to reform in the civil service, some of the most conspicuous civil service reformers in the State being Democratic leaders. Besides these advantages, the administration of the Democratic Governor Russell has been so excellent and acceptable that his party is strengthened by it in the campaign, so that the Republicans have no alternative, and are forced to make their fight upon the comparative general merits and national policies of the two parties.

As in New York Tammany tries to prejudice voters against Mr. Fassett by charging him with injuring the city in opposing the Tammany scheme to secure the World's Fair, so in Massachusetts the Republicans assail Governor Russell for a speech last winter at the Reform Club dinner in New York. The attention given to this speech by Mr. Lodge, the chairman of the Republican Convention, by Mr. Crapo, the chief competitor of Mr. Allen for the nomination, and by most of the speakers at the great opening meeting of the campaign in Boston, shows the great difficulty of assailing Governor Russell upon the demerits of his administration, or indeed upon any substantial issue except the difference of party view of national policies. The Governor is charged with calumniating his State in an address to the people of another State; and the apparent implication is that, if what he said was not untrue, it was disloyal to Massachusetts to say it. The facts are that the dinner, although given in New York, was really a meeting of distinguished Democrats from all parts of the country, and as the club is organized to promote the Democratic view of national politics, the speeches naturally treated national topics.

Governor Russell, who was then not yet inaugurated, spoke of the general injurious effect of a high protective policy upon Massachusetts, and as the object of the dinner was to advocate modification of the present tariff policy, a guest from Massachusetts might very properly speak of the effect of protection upon the community which he knew best, provided that he said nothing which was not true. If subsequently the orator as Governor of Massachusetts served his State so well that his re-election could be opposed only upon such grounds as that of his New York speech, it would prove that his opponents were exceedingly hard pressed. For in his speech Governor Russell did not assert a general decay and decline of the State, nor deny that its population and wealth had increased. What he said in substance was what Mr. Gladstone said in his tariff reply to Mr. Blaine, that under a less stringent tariff the prosperity of the State would have been greater. It is, however, unavoidable that national considerations and the general course of parties as affected by local successes should affect voting at a State election, and the fact that the contest of the autumn is with the Democratic party as a free-silver party in Ohio and as a Tammany party in New York will probably injure the chances of so good a Democratic candidate as Governor Russell in Massachusetts.

TEN YEARS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The National Civil Service Reform League has just held its tenth annual meeting at Buffalo. Three years ago it was held in New York, the following year in Philadelphia, and last year in Boston. The League was formed in 1881, at Newport, by delegates from local associations throughout the country, and speaks, as an organization, for the national reform sentiment. Upon the completion of its tenth year a retrospect of the progress of reform within that period is exceedingly gratifying. Such a retrospect was summarized in the resolutions, which were supplemented by an admirable paper upon the extension of the classified service by the Hon. Sherman S. Rogers, president of the active and aggressive Buffalo association. Besides this paper there were two other exceedingly valuable essays, one by Mr. Moorfield Storey, of Boston, on municipal government, and one by Mr. W. D. Foulke, of Indiana, on the secret sessions of the Senate. Neither of these subjects has been more acutely and conclusively treated than in these papers. There is a Republican impression that nothing was accomplished for reform during the Cleveland administration, and a Democratic belief that reform has receded under Harrison. Both impressions are incorrect. The advance of the reform since the organization of the League has been steady and constant. But while its principles have been practically applied to a quarter of the whole public service, the favorable change in public opinion is the great victory that makes further progress easier, and secures all that has been achieved.

Among the general results as shown by the survey of ten years are, in the first place, the passage of the reform law in 1883, the appointment of a commission which put the law honestly into operation, and the faithful support of the commission by Presidents Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. During these three administrations the law, although its scope is limited, has been honestly observed, and the classified service itself has been extended so as to embrace fully twenty-five per cent. of the public employés. The system of political assessments, one of the worst outrages of the spoils system, although not destroyed, has been not only greatly restrained in its ravages, but has fallen under general contempt. They are hardy men who, like the chairmen and secretaries of the Ohio Republican Executive Committee and of the Pennsylvania State Committee, are now willing to sign their names to a stand-and-deliver circular to extort money from government employés under terror of removal, and the name of a Congressional Representative from Michigan is pilloried by its attachment, nearly ten years ago, to the blackmailing letter known as the Hubbell circular. Another and most important result of the reform within the ten years of the League is the demonstration of its entire practicability. That it was absolutely impracticable even if reasonable in itself was one of the chief objections to it. But experience and observation have led the highest officers in every branch of the government warmly to attest not only its perfect practicability, but its immense value to the public service. The radical change in public opinion is shown by the fact that it is becoming personally discreditable for a public officer to make himself a spoils agent either for a boss or for a party.

Although there is a different impression, the practical progress of reform has been very significant within the last year. The decision of the Court of Appeals in the Buffalo case, affirming the constitutionality of the law, and the consequent emancipation of the city service from politics, with the strong approval by the Court of the principles of reform; the adjustment of the quotas of the Southern States for appointments by inducing candidates of all parties to apply for examination, which was due to the confidence of those States in the honest enforcement of the law; the extension of the reformed system to a part of the Indian service; the report of the committee of eminent citizens that the street-cleaning in the city of New York could not be honestly or effectively done except by the application of the reformed system to city labor; the introduction into the Post-office Department of an honest system of promotion by open competition, and the Executive approval of the same system in all departments; the defeat in Congress, after vigorous debate, of the attempt to cut off the supplies of the Civil Service Commission; and, above all, the thorough application by Secretary Tracy of the reformed system to the selection of skilled and unskilled laborers in the navy-yards—are all events of the year which show the undoubted and prosperous progress of civil service reform. The forced resignation of the Collector at the Custom-house in New York, and the refusal to reappoint in Boston the reform Collector and Postmaster, and the neglect of Commissioner Roosevelt's Baltimore report are illustrations of the unfaithfulness of the President to his pledges, but they do not show that the cause which the League was organized to serve has not constantly advanced and is not steadily advancing.

THE STATUE OF MRS. SCHUYLER.

Judge O'Brien, of the Supreme Court, has decided that the rights of every private citizen include that of immunity from unauthorized public representations of them, such as was contemplated in a statue of Mrs. Mary M. Hamilton Schuyler, who was in no sense a public character, as a "typical philanthropist." In common with a large part of the press, we protested at the time against this gross outrage, and Judge O'Brien has delivered an excellent opinion upon such performances, sustaining the opposition of Mr. Philip Schuyler and the other members of Mrs. Schuyler's immediate family.

The plea for an injunction was based upon the fact that Mrs. Schuyler was wholly a private citizen, that no one authorized by her or of authority to speak for her had desired or approved the proposed enterprise, and that invasion of privacy was against public policy. The adverse claim was that the public may at its pleasure commemorate distinguished citizens. Judge O'Brien says, justly:

> "It was not shown that Mrs. Schuyler ever came within the category of public characters. She was undoubtedly a woman of rare gifts, and of a broad and philanthropic nature, but these she exercised as a private citizen in an unobtrusive way. Such a person does not lose her character as a private citizen merely because she engaged in private works of philanthropy. There is no refutation of the allegation that notoriety in any form was both extremely distasteful and wholly repugnant to her character and disposition."

He also quoted from a paper in the *Harvard Law Review*, upon the "Right to Privacy," as follows:

> "The intense intellectual and emotional life and the heightening of sensations which came with the advance of civilization made it clear to men that only a part of the pain, pleasure, and profit of life lay in physical things. Thoughts, emotions, and sensations demanded legal recognition, and the beautiful capacity for growth which characterized the common law enabled the judges to afford the requisite protection without the interposition of the Legislature. Recent inventions and business methods call attention to the next step which must be taken for the protection of the person, and for securing to the individual what Judge Cooley calls 'the right to be alone.' Instantaneous photographs and newspaper enterprise have invaded the sacred precincts of private and domestic life, and numerous mechanical devices threaten to make good the prediction that 'what is whispered in the closet shall be proclaimed from the house-tops.' For years there has been a feeling that the law must afford some remedy for the unauthorized circulation of portraits of private persons, and the evil of the invasion of privacy by the newspapers, long keenly felt, has been but recently discussed by an able writer."

Mr. Schuyler, in doing an unpleasant duty, has performed a public service. The right to privacy has been in peril of practical denial, and there is no doubt that Judge O'Brien's decision will prevent much outrage not easy to redress. The proposed action in the case of Mrs. Schuyler might be taken very easily in other cases for the purpose of black-mail, and Mr. Schuyler's vigorous course has put an end to a scandalous wrong.

THE WARM SEPTEMBER.

The unusually warm September is fortunate for the American farmer because of the threatening want of the normal amount of food product in Europe. The European situation, indeed, is said to be much worse and more alarming than had been supposed, especially in Russia. An important article in the *American Agriculturist* says that the danger of famine will probably spare Europe the ravages of war for a year at least. Even if the United States and Canada can export 225,000,000 bushels, there will be a deficit of nearly as much more, with a possibility that it may be twice as great.

In any event there seems to be a prospect of great suffering in Europe, because, besides the want of grain, there is almost a total failure of the potato in Ireland, and a very serious reduction of the crop on the Continent. There was an enormous export from this country in August, amounting to four times the usual quantity. The *Agriculturist* anticipates a sudden and large advance in the price of cereals as soon as the situation is fully developed, and it holds that every bushel of wheat is now worth fully one dollar on the farm where it is grown.

Eastern Germany and large parts of Russia are already practically stricken with famine, and have been so for some months. In Russia the exportation of cereals is forbidden. The situation is so serious that it must necessarily affect military and political plans, for the usual reserves of food supply are exhausted. The warmth of September, therefore, was an angel of succor, but not in disguise, for the landscape was almost untouched by frost to the end, and the days, relieved by the cooler nights, were generally delightful.

BOULANGER.

The sole reason that so much attention has been paid by the press to the suicide of Boulanger on the grave of his mistress, on whose bounty he had recently lived, is that he had been Minister of War in France, and that in a country which abounds in disturbers of the public peace he was the chosen representative of public disorder. A daring and clever soldier who has obtained great popularity is always a dangerous figure in France, and however contemptible in himself, Boulanger as a mob-leader could not be despised.

But his popularity did not prove to be available for his objects. The government early saw that he was essentially a conspirator, and its treatment of him forced Boulanger to appear as its open enemy. There was a moment when his election to the legislative chamber seemed to threaten France. But he was unable practically to use his opportunities, and he sank swiftly into a ridiculous figure, which was, of course, the end. The *Tribune* compares his career with that of the late ex-President Grévy—the one a faithful and devoted servant of the republic, the other its enemy.

The utterly futile career of Boulanger serves to illustrate the strength of the republic. The various factions which oppose it show constantly declining force, and the French Republic is apparently established in French conviction. It is not to be doubted that any form of a royalist or socialist rising would be resisted not only by the government, but by the opinion and force of the country. This is the result which is not yet fully attained, yet promises plainly the end of the revolution which began a century ago.

OUR NEIGHBOR CANADA.

In the *Manitoba Evening Free Press and Sun*, published at Winnipeg, we find some interesting statistics relating to the population of Canada and the emigration into "the States," as John Bull is pleased to describe this country. Canada is a country of which we hear much, but it is not so large as one of "the States," say New York. Its total population is 4,823,334, which is an increase of only 11½ per cent. during the last decade, instead of 19 per cent. in the previous decade.

The Canadian immigration into this country during the decade was 1,080,685. Of these there are 744,266 in the States adjacent to the international boundary; 204,106 in the North Middle States from New Jersey to Oregon; 80,325 in the South Middle States from Maryland to California; and 11,988 in the Southern States. The 82,997 American-born in Canada are distributed as follows: Eastern Provinces, including Quebec, 1-99th of population, or 23,924; Ontario, 1-42d, or 50,292; Manitoba, 1-37th, or 4174; Northwest Territory and unorganized districts, 1-490th, or 190; and British Columbia 1-21st, or 4174.

The *Free Press and Sun* is of opinion that

> "Except the relations of population in this respect existing between New England and the Eastern Provinces, it is highly probable that the next decade will materially increase the American element. In Ontario, the lumber interests have always attracted it, and now, with the traverse of the Laurentian mineral districts by the Canadian Pacific Railway, the enterprising body of experienced and successful miners from the United States will assuredly seek the new fields north of Lakes Huron and Superior, and the gulches of the Rocky and Cascade mountains of British Columbia. As for the intermediate agricultural district, there is no reason to doubt that the alternate migrations of the people of the Dominion and Union will preserve their present equilibrium—namely, 1-37th respectively of future as of existing populations."

Our Canadian contemporary draws cheerful conclusions from its figures. It looks forward to the harmonious conquests of the undeveloped districts of Northwestern America by the two great allied columns of Canadians and immigrants from "the States." But for this purpose two conditions precedent must be considered: First, equality of trade or reciprocity, including the freedom of navigation and fisheries; and second, a railway to Alaska and Bering Strait! The proposition for this is to come from Washington to Ottawa. A draft already exists, says the *Free Press and Sun*, only requiring concurrent legislation, "to create an international commission, headed by James G. Blaine and Sir Donald A. Smith, to whom the inauguration and administration of the proposed Alaska and British Columbia railway could be properly intrusted." Then we have this brilliant sunburst:

> "Let us hope that he [President Harrison] will supplement his Executive excursions by a fundamental proposition for a charter and land subsidies by the governments of British Columbia and the United States, attended by a guarantee of four per cent. by the United States upon $50,000 per mile for twenty-five years, with an assured certainty that the commerce and railway dividends sure to result from opening to the world 1500 miles of continuous gold fields—consisting of the districts of Kootenay, Cariboo, Ominica, Cassiar, and Yucon—would constitute an ample warrant for the enterprise of the Alaska and British Columbia Railway. In such a contingency President Harrison would doubtless insist that the southern terminus of the proposed line shall be as convenient of access from Portland and San Francisco as from Chicago."

Here is a spirit of reciprocity which may, perhaps, be gratified when the conference with the Canadian commissioners takes place this autumn in Washington.

A "SINGLE-TAX" VIEW OF THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

The *Standard*, the journal of the "single-tax" movement, undoubtedly expresses the conviction of all the friends of that cause in saying:

> "Genuine ballot reform is the one definite issue in New York this year, and, fortunately, no national issue interferes with it. Unlike the election in Ohio, the result here will have no influence on the coming Presidential election, for the tariff issue is in no wise involved. And as this State is not any longer a pivotal State in national politics, it will be no conclusive recommendation in the Democratic National Convention that a candidate can carry New York, nor conclusive objection that he cannot. There is, therefore, no controlling reason why a Democratic voter of New York should support the Hill-Tammany combination; and there are many reasons, if he is a Democrat from principle, why he should oppose it.
>
> "It aims at defeating the nomination of Cleveland; and, to perpetuate the power in politics of the elements that compose it, it libels the Democratic party by placing it in an attitude of hostility to the only immediate remedy for bribery and intimidation at the polls, the sale of nominations, and the levying of blackmail upon subordinates in the public service. Its success is a menace to civil service reform, to ballot reform, and to tariff reform. It is a parasite upon the national Democratic party, and to shake it off is a duty that New York Democrats owe to their coworkers in other States. To do this is not to jeopardize Cleveland and tariff reform next year, even though the patronage of the State be thrown to the Republican party. Their danger, which is in the Democratic Convention and not before the people, will be intensified by the triumph of the Saratoga combine."

THE SEAL FISHERY AGAIN.

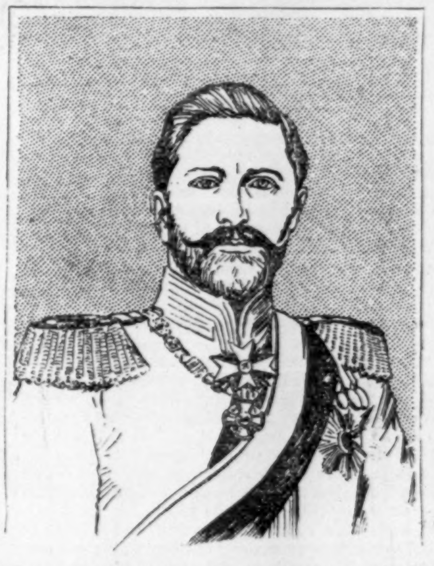
Whatever view may be taken of the merits of the seal-fishery dispute between England and this country, patriotism certainly does not require the defence of whatever the North American Commercial Company may choose to do. That company is an association of private traders bent upon making all the money possible. As a company they have no patriotism, and as individuals they are no more patriotic than their fellow-citizens who have no pecuniary interest in the seal fisheries.

Pending the settlement of the difference between the countries it was agreed that until May 1, 1892, there might be taken 7500 seals for the subsistence of the natives and for compensation of the expense of preparation for the year's fishing. But the company has taken already 13,000 seals, and pleads, with the player, that such is their conception of the part. This is the more annoying because we resented the request of the British government that it should be allowed to take measures to ascertain that no more seals were taken than the number stipulated.

The company says that it understood the count of 7500 would begin only after their agents on the island had received notice that a close season had been ordered. But the company evidently did not so understand at the time, because it protested that the limitation to a catch of 7500 deprived it of its profits. There is a sharp practice in the whole proceeding which will probably persuade the British government that its request for supervision was not unreasonable.

PERSONAL.

An unusual interest is being taken by Emperor William's subjects in the beard which he has been raising since his visit to England. During the growth of this hirsute appendage there has been dismay among Berlin photographers and portrait-sellers, whose incomes have been materially lessened by the Emperor's refusal to have his picture taken and supplied to the trade until he considered his facial adornment sufficiently advanced. That stage has now been reached, and the Germans generally agree that the new departure is quite becoming to their youthful ruler.



—Thomas Bayley Potter, M.P., the author of the Cobden Club, that bugaboo of American protectionists, is a stout, silver-haired patriarch, and lives near Midhurst, Sussex County, England. He was a life-long friend of Richard Cobden, and succeeded him in Parliament at his death in 1865. At Mr. Potter's home, a quaint, dainty old house, his friend often worked, and in a little church not far away rest the remains of the political economist.

—Bret Harte was a clerk in the San Francisco Mint in 1865, when M. H. De Young started the *Chronicle*, and did his first writing for that paper.

—Rev. Dr. Aaron Lindsley, well known in Oregon and the Pacific Northwest as a Presbyterian clergyman and an organizer of Presbyterian churches, died recently at Portland. He was educated in the East, and began his useful life with missionary work in Wisconsin, a long pastorate at South Salem, New York, following. He also held a pastorate of eighteen years at Portland, Oregon, and organized twenty-two churches in that vicinity. After that he founded the evangelical missions in Alaska. During his life Dr. Lindsley was a contributor to many religious publications, and received degrees from Princeton and other colleges.

—Matthew, Daniel, and William Grant, of Torrington, Connecticut, triplets, and cousins of the late General U. S. Grant, have just celebrated their seventieth birthday.

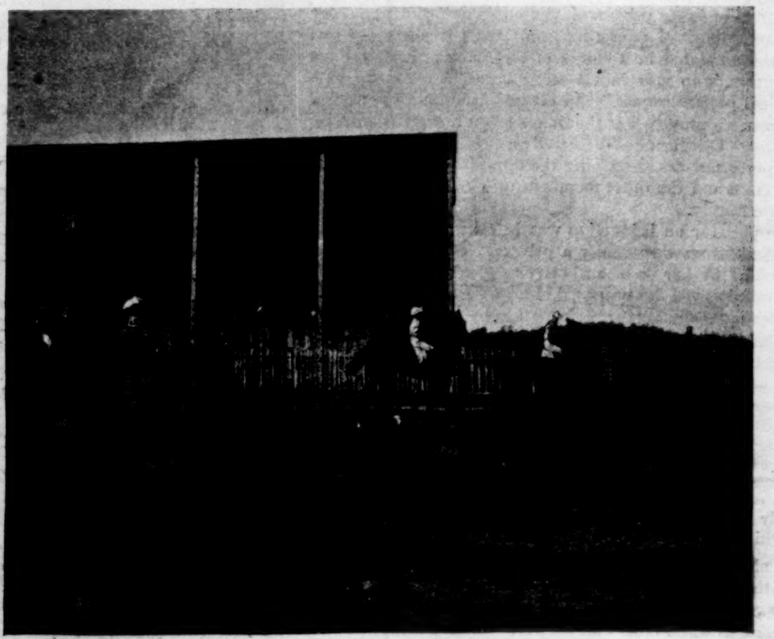
—Notwithstanding the Czar's promise to Countess Leo Tolstoï to have the imperial censor deal more leniently with her husband's writings, the book *Conversations with and Criticisms of Tolstoï*, published by R. Lewenfeld in Germany, has been suppressed in Russia.

—M. Renan, the French historian, is sixty-eight years old, but mentally and physically vigorous, and as full of work as ever.

—Many tourists to the "Land of the Midnight Sun" now visit the little town of Skien, the birthplace of Henrik Ibsen. The modest house to which the poet's father retired after reverses in fortune still stands, and its walls are covered with caricatures and other evidences of the artistic talent that was developed early in Henrik Ibsen's life.

—General Brugère, controller of President Carnot's household, holds his present place through a curious piece of bad and yet good fortune. He was a member of Marshal MacMahon's and President Grévy's household, but would have been removed by President Carnot had not the latter accidentally wounded him while out shooting.

—Among the most imposing of California edifices is the palace which John C. Flood, the millionaire, erected on "Nob Hill," at a cost of $3,500,000. All the materials used in its construction were brought in ships around Cape Horn, it is said, and the owner hesitated at no cost in furnishing the inside and outside. Now the great pile is deserted and dreary, the only tenant being the gardener, who looks after the grounds.



THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY FAIR.

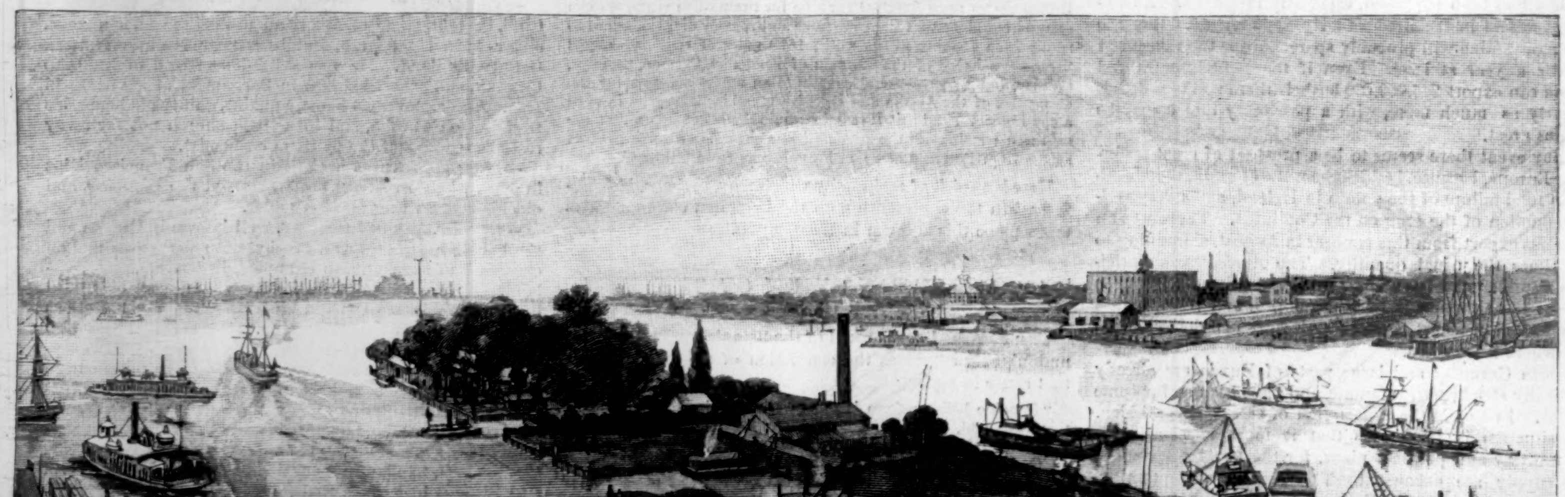
THIS is the season for country fairs, and all over the United States the farmers are exhibiting in friendly competition their horses, cattle, farm produce, and other fruits of the earth. The harvest is over, and the proud husbandman is glad to show to admiring audiences what his patient labor and skill have managed to produce. Those who get their idea of Westchester County from the daily papers have a notion that on account of its contiguity to New York city it has no country in the ordinary sense, but that the whole of its area is occupied by fine places of rich city gentlemen, who, while finding summer homes for their families, play at farming in an amateur and expensive way. There are certainly many fine places in Westchester County, and it probably is true that some of the wealthy gentlemen who do a little farming by way of amusement find that there is much more outlay than income from such ventures, but it is not at all true that the whole of the county is taken up in this way. A visitor to the Westchester County Fair, which was held near White Plains, New York, last week, would have been obliged to abandon such an impression, for he would have seen evidences on every side that not only were the exhibitors as a general thing country people, but the very great majority of those who attended were certainly men and women and boys and girls who were born and bred on farms, and were by no means ashamed of the fact.

The genuineness of those features of the fair which were distinctly agricultural made the exhibition all the more attractive to the New York city people, who visited the show in great numbers; while those things which were departures from what is ordinarily seen at a country fair were probably of more interest to the country folk than those which were merely usual. For the reason, therefore, that those who attended found always more than they expected, the affair was unusually successful, and it is likely that many more such will be held. This fair had been talked about a good deal in New York, and was looked forward to by many city lovers of country life. The Westchester County Hunt Club also took an interest in the undertaking, and the pony races, which have been an amateur sporting event each autumn for several years, were run during the fair and on the fair grounds. The Hunt Club was also very liberal in the prizes offered, and in nearly every instance these prizes, from the very nature of the contest, were only open for the competition of actual farmers. The Country Club also gave many prizes. The co-operation of these sporting and social organizations very naturally drew to the county fair the attention of those whose notice it would otherwise have escaped.

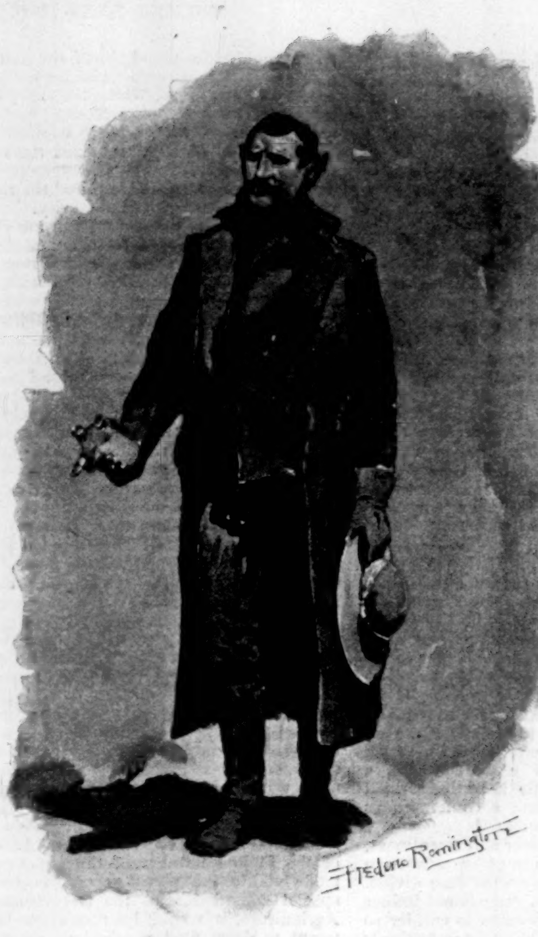
The weather makes or mars a country fair, and as the autumn days of last week were very lovely, the managers are to be congratulated upon the good luck which was theirs. But no congratulations are due upon the precautions taken to keep the country visitors from being fleeced by the sharp rogues and tricksters who congregated in great numbers at the show, and who were permitted without molestation to openly swindle the unwary. When an association of gentlemen invites large crowds of coun-

(Continued on page 771.)

SCENES AT THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY FAIR.



THE GOVERNMENT IMPROVEMENTS OF DELAWARE RIVER AT PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 771.]



"I LOOKS TOWARD YOU, PARDNER."

THE JONAH OF LUCKY VALLEY.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

IV.

IT was a fortnight after the romantic rescue at the crossing, and an hour after midnight. Mr. Durgy was seated on a sack of cotton seed in the tent that had served him for a shelter since the burning of his ranch the month before. A hurricane lantern depending from the tent pole afforded him a dim, uncertain light, and, from without, gave his canvas quarters the appearance of a transparency. Although the hour was thus unseasonable, the gentleman was making no preparations for retiring, but was blowing clouds of tobacco smoke from the corn-cob pipe he was smoking, and apparently lost in a reverie inspired by nicotine and despondency. The fact was that in the interval Mr. Durgy had seen much of the society of Miss Louise Townsend, and had enjoyed thereby many pleasant hours and suffered much in secret. To be brief, he was beginning to realize that he was deeply in love. A consciousness of the deplorable state of his finances and the strange fatality that hung over him was far from alleviating his disquietude. Granted that the charms of the lively and debonair young woman it had been his fortune to meet had been sufficient to obliterate his grief for the loss of his former helpmeet, what, pray, had he to offer the object of his fascination? But his reflections can be hardly said to have progressed thus far. A more tangible perplexity presented itself. Could he flatter himself that his passion was reciprocated? Mr. Durgy was by no means positive.

He had improved the interval to take dinner several times at the Townsend cottage. "Miss Lou" had met him with a frank and cheerful greeting, treated him with marked coolness in the presence of her irritable father, and flirted desperately with him whenever her sire's back was turned. Mr. Durgy had not known what to make of this eccentric behavior. While charmed and thrilled by the condescension of her conduct in private, he was correspondingly disconcerted by her public attitude. In his perplexity he had made a confidant of his foreman—a certain long-haired philosopher who shared his tent with him, and looked after the affairs of his ranch in his absence. This individual was at present snoring stertoriously, in blissful unconsciousness of Durgy's protracted vigil.

"Obadiah, what do you allow thet a gal thinks of you when she makes faces at you before the old man, and is oncommon sweet if he's out of the way?" Mr. Durgy had inquired.

Mr. Obadiah Hawkins took out a large clasp-knife, and, cutting off a liberal chunk from a plug of tobacco, stowed it away in his capacious mouth, and brought his slow faculties to bear upon the subject. "What do you call bein' 'oncommon sweet'?" he remarked, tentatively.

Mr. Durgy, thus challenged for a bill of particulars, displayed a reluctance to expatiate.

"Women is different," said the sage he had invoked, ejecting a copious libation of tobacco juice with unerring aim upon a wandering beetle as he pursued his meditations —"ez various and onsartin ez—Missouri mules. Ye can't jedge by their bright eyes and the length of their ears what's their capacity fur bein' druv in double harness. Now I axes ye, ez a question of fact, whether she allows ye to sit by?"

Mr. Durgy considered this doubtful interrogatory, and replied in the affirmative.

"Will she stand if you flirt a rein over her back now and then?" asked the philosopher.

Mr. Durgy hesitated.

"Does she rear any when you put the curb onto her?" pursued his imperturbable friend.

Mr. Durgy was too confused to reply.

"Because, ef she does," continued the oracle, calmly, not heeding his silence, "ye 'ain't got the whip-hand of her yet.

"When I was teamin' it between Lampasas and San Saby," pursued his unique authority, launching into personal reminiscence, "I was a-courtin' a young woman down at the Springs at the same time, thet required considerable delicate handling. She was a tall, straight gal, and an oncommon high stepper, and she give me all I could swing to, I'm tellin' ye. About thet time I was breakin' in a new team o' mules thet hed been warranted sound and kind, and between thet gal and them mules I hed my hands full. I useter put my theories inter play on the mules in the daytime, and evenin's I'd try my hand with the gal. I was ekally successful with both. Come spring, the mules hed kicked my front teeth out, and the woman hed all my back hair. I 'lowed I'd quit teamin' it and make a break fur liberty and the frontier.

"Afore I quit, however, the gal one day up and died. She made, I reckon, about the most beautiful corpse I ever see in her coffin. And I was powerful fond of her, notwithstandin' all her treatment. Why, Bill, thet gal hed the beautifulest and longest hair I ever see! I could hev got over $100 for what she was buried with, but I wouldn't hev thought of it!"

Mr. Durgy was not edified by these reminiscences, nor did he think that any light had been thrown upon his own case by their recital.

While pondering, at this unusual hour, the peculiar misery of his condition, he was suddenly startled by a sound without, as of some one dismounting. A second later a heavy hand was laid upon the tent flaps, and without further formality a tall form stooped and entered. The stranger was muffled to the throat in a long black overcoat, beneath which his heavy riding-boots, magnificently spurred but streaked with mud, gave signs of hard riding. A broad sombrero, adorned with tarnished silver lace, was doffed as he came in, disclosing a pair of snapping black eyes, and a heavy mustache that drooped with the dampness of the night air. The face of the intruder was tanned from exposure. Although at first glance Durgy had a vague impression of having met this striking individual somewhere before, he surmised that he was some belated traveller, and vouchsafed him a perfunctory "Howdy!" after the fashion of the frontier.

"Howdy!" the stranger replied, stroking his heavy mustaches embarrassedly between the fore and middle fingers of his left hand. He thrust the other into a side pocket of his overcoat, and producing a handsome pocket flask richly mounted in silver, extended it hospitably toward Durgy. "I looks toward you, pardner," he said.

Durgy took the flask thus generously proffered, and removing the stopper, drank a small sip of its contents. "I don't know who you are, stranger," he rejoined as he restored it, "but travellers with your style and refreshments are scarce up this way. Take a seat and make yourself comfortable."

The stranger seated himself on a nail keg, the only available accommodation at hand, took a pull at the flask, and, after a few moments' reflection, delivered himself abruptly.

"Lou tells me you done me a good turn th' other day at the crossing," he remarked, turning his grave eyes on Durgy with a certain business-like solemnity. "I was late myself to my appointment on account of a little unpleasantness with a friend of mine over an epidemic of kings in a game of 'draw.' I onderstand the river was up, and you saved the gal's life, or something of thet kind. Ez bizness brought me up this way, I reckoned I'd drop in and allow thet the drinks was on me."

The dark-eyed stranger stroked his mustaches and extended the flask again. Durgy waved it aside good-humoredly.

"Thank ye!" he rejoined. "Thet's all right. It's a pretty poor man that won't ride into a river ahossback to save a young woman."

"Yes, I know," returned the man. "All the same ye done me a favor; but I might ez well say, too, right now, thet ye needn't kerry it too far. It's for you to know thet she's my gal, and I'd jest ez lief you wouldn't take the trouble to call often."

Durgy stared at this, but did not reply.

"Thet's the size of it!" said the stranger, abruptly, levelling his black brows pointedly at Durgy. "And now, how's things with you, anyway? You've had a fire, 'ain't you?"

Durgy, too surprised at the stranger's recent request to command himself, nodded vaguely at this.

"I heard of it down below," said the man. "I gen'rally keep the run of things. Well, about how much would it natchally take to set you on your feet again?"

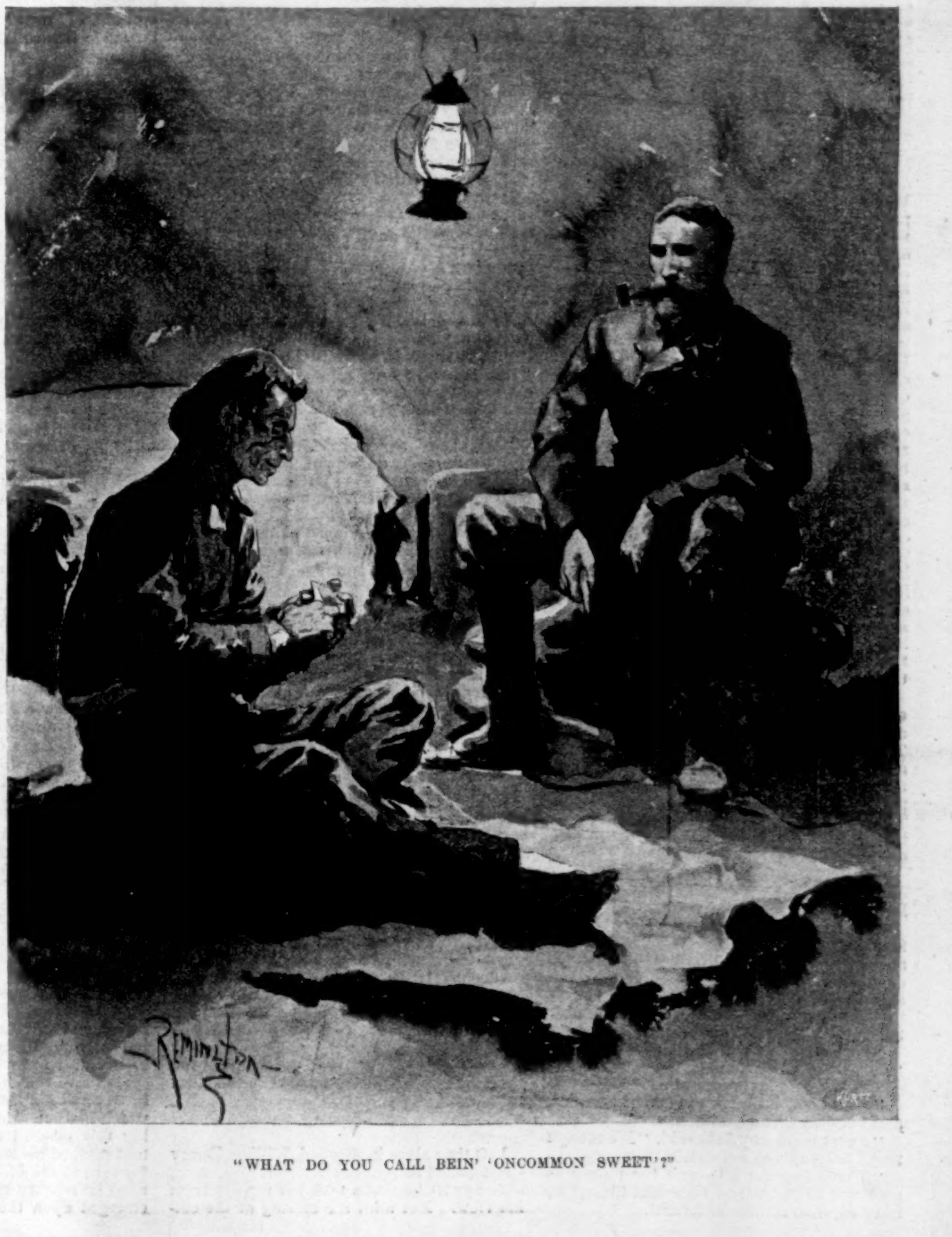
"I don't believe $5000 would do it," exclaimed Durgy, despondently.

"It's ez bad ez thet, eh?" said the man, stroking his mustaches as he rose to his feet. "Well, remember what I said, keep close to hum, and perhaps ye might wake up some mornin' and stumble on thet amount. Meanwhile —luck is runnin' my way—p'r'aps this may help you to get things to rights."

As he spoke, he flung something that struck heavily at Durgy's feet, and turning, passed rapidly out into the night. With a murmur of remonstrance, the ranchman stooped and groped for the fallen object. In a few seconds he rose, with features working with mortification, and holding shamefacedly in his hand a plump leather purse. Uttering a cry of protest, he dashed out of the tent.

But he was too late to check the departure of his visitor. Already the galloping footsteps of a steed resounded loudly in the still night, and straining his eyes, he saw a rapidly vanishing figure on a piebald horse melt away under the faint light of the stars. Stumbling back into the tent again, Durgy bent down, and turned out the contents of the purse ruefully upon the head of the nail keg the stranger had just quitted. He counted the coins and notes carefully as he swept them back slowly into the leathern purse. There were gold double eagles that flashed brightly in the rays of the lantern, and several bills of large denominations. The ranchman's eyes dilated with amazement as he estimated the amount of his visitor's gift.

"Nine hundred dollars, as I'm a living sinner!" he finally



"WHAT DO YOU CALL BEIN' 'ONCOMMON SWEET'?"

ejaculated, the perspiration standing out upon his brows in the eloquence of his surprise.

The recumbent figure on the floor of the tent rolled over and lifted its head, rubbing it drowsily with a horny hand, and staring sleepily through its tousled locks.

"How much?" he gasped.

"Nine hundred dollars," repeated Durgy, excitedly; "and durn me, Obadiah, if I don't think it's the same fellow thet shot Joe Townsend!"

V.

The events of the previous night, and the late hour at which he had retired, did not tend to alleviate the perplexity of Mr. Durgy's mind on the following day. He awoke after a troubled sleep, and found himself face to face with the horns of a series of dilemmas that goaded him to desperation. The suspicion of the stranger's identity, which had now grown to absolute conviction, made it out of the question that he could accept his munificent generosity even as a temporary loan. If he were right in his belief that this man was the individual who had sent him on the errand that had resulted so disastrously to the sheriff, he ought rather to have shot him on sight than to have permitted him even the rude hospitality of his tent. Again, granting that he was not mistaken, how was he to seek out this mysterious personage and restore to him the proffered money? Nor were these the only reflections that disturbed him as he carefully locked the despised purse in his camp chest and pondered the situation. He was confident, after his experience in the grove, that it would not be wise to attempt to imply to Sheriff Townsend that he had succeeded in detecting the identity of his assailant. He had received a sufficient hint that anything of that kind would be regarded as meddlesome. His heart alike rebelled against acquainting the sheriff with the discovery of his daughter's lover. His own loyalty to the young lady forbade that. And to put the finishing touch to his irritation, there was the stranger's request that he should not call upon Miss Townsend in the future. Of course Mr. Durgy did not entertain this absurd proposal for an instant, but he realized none the less that his contempt for it would be eventually hazardous. Nevertheless, after due consideration, during which the day had slipped away into the mellow afternoon, he arrayed himself in his holiday attire and paid a visit to his Dulcinea.

He found "Miss Lou" in an unusually tractable frame of mind, and to his plea that she would take a short ramble with him on so pleasant a day the young lady gave a willing assent. Without subjecting her infatuated escort to the misery of waiting while she equipped herself for this pilgrimage, she took a light Panama hat of her father's from the hat rack, twisted a blue veil around it, harpooned it to her head with a long hat pin, and her toilet was complete.

Mr. Durgy was of course charmed by this delightful alacrity, and as they sauntered down the long divide in the direction of Wild Cat River, he was correspondingly appreciative and demonstrative. He noted with a thrill of pleasure every detail of her attire—how daintily her small white collar clasped her slender neck, and how superbly her brown dress fitted her. As she tripped beside him he had a pleasant suggestion of some graceful antelope fawn in the perfection of her pretty paces. The little truant locks escaping from the audacious hat seemed to curl about her glowing cheeks with quaint caresses; and her eyes were so dangerously bright! Small wonder that her rude cavalier felt a humiliating sense of the inferiority of the sterner sex as he swung along beside her with his long and heavy stride, and helped her over certain dangerous places with an embarrassed consciousness of being all arms and legs. But the half-delirious ecstasy by which these awkward efforts were accompanied received all at once a heavy check. As "Miss Lou" extended her hand to him across a small runnel in the hillside, preparatory to being "jumped across," a gorgeous bracelet, which had hitherto been hidden beneath her sleeve, suddenly slipped from her arm and fell with a tiny splash into the water.

The girl gave a shrill cry of dismay, and stooped suddenly to repossess it. Quick as she was, her companion was before her. Their hands met in the tiny streamlet in the search for the lost ornament. Durgy was the first to find it. He held it up, still dripping, and put it into her unresisting hand. The words of an old Scotch betrothal catch flashed through his mind, and with rash precipitancy he repeated it.

"'Over running water my heart I give to thee,'"

he stammered.

Miss Townsend's fingers recoiled suddenly from his grasp, still holding the bracelet. She shook the water from it hastily, with a heightened color. Then quietly clasping it on her arm again, she folded her hands and looked reprovingly at him. The silence that fell between them was not reassuring.

Miss Townsend was the first to break it. "You mustn't talk like that to me," she said.

"Why not?" Durgy inquired.

"Miss Lou" bit her lip in embarrassment, and her eyes became downcast.

"Never mind why," she said. "It's enough that I tell you you mustn't."

"That's because I haven't the money to give you bracelets and rings like those," he retorted, with sudden bitterness.

"Miss Lou" raised her eyes and shot a defiant glance at him, but whipped her hands quickly behind her, on one of which a large amethyst glittered. She became suddenly austere. "May I ask what you mean by that?" she inquired, coldly.

"I mean," said Mr. Durgy, excitedly, carried away by the current of his emotions, "that I ain't no high-toned, fine-haired chap with black eyes and long mustaches, kitin' through the kentry at mysterious hours and distributin' elegant julery; I ain't receivin' precious notes thankin' me kindly for such presents, and then leavin' 'em flyin' all over the purrara to be read by everybody; I ain't callin' personally on decent men, and insultin' 'em for doin' an ordinary service for a young woman by flingin' 'em fabulous sums in leather purses. All the same I reckon I know them ez *is*."

The silence that followed this tirade was very impressive. In the midst of it the faint echo of a pistol shot from the grove beyond the hill rang through the stillness. To Durgy's mind the sharp sound had the significance of an avenging Nemesis. "Miss Lou" tossed a light twig she held in her hand away from her.

"Dear old pop!" she said, affectionately, a smile struggling to her face. "He's practisin' again. Mr. Durgy—since you seem to know so much of my own matters—if I should marry suddenly not to suit the old folks, and go away to live in some other place, would you do me a favor by bein' kind to 'em, and try and keep 'em from being too lonely for me?"

This request was so sudden and ill-timed that Durgy turned towards her. "Miss Lou" was glancing at him across the tiny rivulet with a pathetic pleading in her eyes. All trace of irritation had vanished. She had apparently shed his recent sarcasm with perfect serenity. With a helpless gesture he turned away. His surprise and bewilderment at the turn affairs had taken were so complete that he apparently communicated them in confidence to the adjacent hillside.

"I ask her to marry me," he repeated, in a low tone, "and she tells me she's goin' to marry somebody else, and wants me to take care of the old woman and the old man. Well, now, I *will* be eternally blowed!"

When they were returning home again, after a somewhat embarrassing walk along the picturesque Wild Cat River, during which the circumstances of the rescue at the crossing were presented vividly to the minds of both, Miss Townsend became suddenly confidential.

"I hope you won't think me rude or ungrateful on account of anything I may have said to-day," she remarked, abruptly, turning to the man at her side. "You see how it is. When I met you, Mr. Durgy, I can't say that I was really free. Jim and I are old friends, you know. We met long ago at a ball, had a desperate flirtation, and have been fond of each other ever since. As I wasn't quite sure whether father would take to Jim, and Jim was very high-strung, and bound to see me, I've had to meet him unbeknown. I reckon it wasn't quite right, but what help was there? It would never do to have father and Jim run foul of each other, and I had to do the best I could."

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders as she said this, and a half-helpless wave of her dimpled hand.

"I see how it is," said Durgy, grimly. "And so you're goin' to marry this man—to elope with him, by way of makin' it easy like and sociable for the old folks at the cottage."

"Miss Lou" resented this sally. "Whatever we mean to do, or not to do, I reckon it's our own affair," she said, shortly. "Certainly not yours. If Jim wants to marry me, and is able to do it, I don't know as it's necessary, when I'm almost of age, for him to ask father, and get a flat refusal, and a pistol bullet into the bargain. You know father's general tactics when arguments fail."

Mr. Durgy's expression showed very plainly that he did, but his reply did not impeach the sheriff's methods.

"A dose of lead is altogether the best argument in some cases," he answered, gravely. "Your father has a very decided way of looking at most things. It isn't for me to criticise him or pass remarks on his conduct. But granting Jim is all you say he is, I reckon it makes no difference to you how he comes by his money or where he gets it."

The words had no sooner left his lips than he regretted them. He saw the girl's breast heave and her eyes blaze with the sudden anger they excited. She turned upon him with a fine scorn in her black eyes that made his blood tingle.

"If I'd once run a faro bank and been ruined by one of my own customers, I don't believe I would have much to say about the ways of my neighbors," she said. "Good afternoon, Mr. Durgy; you needn't come to see me again until you've a mind to be more civil."

Turning her back upon him abruptly, she left him standing in the road, and walking briskly back to the cottage, she slammed the gate violently behind her as she vanished into the house.

VI.

Left thus alone in the road, William Durgy stood gazing helplessly after Miss Townsend, as her swift footsteps took her rapidly from his view. Not until the closing of the cottage door that marked her arrival home came faintly to his ear did he rouse himself from his discomfiture. Then kicking a stone angrily that lay in his path, he plunged both hands into his trousers' pockets, and with downcast head and drooping shoulders took a circuitous path over the divide, so as to reach the barn without being seen from the cottage. Here he found his tethered horse expectantly awaiting him. The animal greeted him with a whinny of welcome, and playfully rubbed his cool satin muzzle against his bearded cheek as he untied the lariat which held him. Something about this demonstrative fondness touched Durgy. A sudden sense of loneliness, of mortification, came over him, and he threw one arm affectionately around the glossy neck, and bowed his head upon the shoulder of his steed. He twined his fingers in his luxuriant mane and gripped him hard, while his brain whirled with a disheartening conviction of human ingratitude. The animal stood stock-still at the rude caress, and seemed to quiver through all his glorious muscles with an equine sympathy. It seemed to the lonely man, in that brief moment of communion, that this dumb creature, which he had only given his daily pittance of corn and the scant attention of an idle hour, was a thousand times more loyal than the girl whose life he had saved.

Ashamed of his weakness, and yet in a sense comforted by the reflection, he vaulted into the saddle, and as the noble horse, in accordance with his frontier training, broke at once into a gallop and bore him speedily away, he smiled grimly to himself, and leaning forward in his stirrups, patted his neck lightly, until Lone Star responded with a wild snort and a toss of the head that seemed to the man's excited fancy a contemptuous commentary on all womankind.

His mind, stung by anger and resentment, was busy with the events of the afternoon as he went galloping down the long divide. What had he said, pray, that should induce this impetuous young woman to cashier so suddenly one to whom she was so lastingly indebted? He was not the man to overestimate himself or his services. With the chivalrous gallantry of his nature, he could do his duty and treat it as lightly as another, but when he felt his act slighted, forgotten, or regarded as a mere bagatelle, he told himself, with a bitter grimace, that Miss Townsend owed to him the fact that she was alive to treat him so cavalierly. Not call upon her, indeed! Certainly he would not. She need not flatter herself that he would humiliate himself to that extent. And yet, as this thought flashed through him, a conviction of how he had grown to love the sheriff's daughter made this self-denial seem but a hollow mockery.

The sun had set, and the brief twilight of Texan latitudes had lapsed into the shadows of evening. A star came out suddenly and burned with a fiery glimmer over the farther trees as he reached the river crossing. Without hesitation Lone Star plunged into the shallows, and picking his way into the middle of the stream, stopped mid-leg deep to drink of the swiftly flowing water. With the bridle loosely hanging in his fingers, and the sullen rush of the water dimpling past him, the ranchman fell to pondering in the dusky gloom the mysterious identity of the stranger who seemed to hold the affections of his inamorata by such a subtle fascination. Who was this man, and had he possibly mistaken his calling? And with the query the conscious blood surged in his cheeks at the taunt she had flung him over his half-forgotten past, and he twitched the bridle in unconscious impatience with the irritation of the reflection.

Lone Star raised his head at the interruption, and with dripping muzzle and ears pricked forward, seemed to interrogate the silent obscurity before him. The animal's action recalled Durgy to himself. What was that? A sudden sound like that made by galloping feet echoed through the still night. Somebody was certainly coming at a high rate of speed along the opposite shore of the river. He heard the pounding hoofs of a horse, the jingle of spurs, and a low word of encouragement, as if given to a laboring animal. The sounds came nearer. The next instant there burst from the foliage of the farther bank the dim apparition of a mounted man riding with the fury of a meteor along the open plain, an occasional spark flying from the glowing cigar he was smoking in spite of the killing pace at which he travelled.

In a second the horseman was abreast of him, and Durgy, rising in his stirrups with the surprise of the moment, was fancying he heard the panting breath of horse and rider, when a quick stream of fire shot from a neighboring clump of willows, and a sharp report rang out over the stream. The galloping horse shied suddenly, there was a loud oath, and the next instant a succession of quick flashes rent the curtain of night, during which Durgy beheld the mounted figure, erect and menacing with a brandished revolver, but still cantering away. The firing suddenly ceased, and the reverberations had hardly died away among the hills when he again heard the galloping footsteps, growing fainter and fainter. Rousing his own horse, which had stood mute and motionless during this masked fusillade with a stolidity that marked his frontier training, he plunged forward in the darkness amid blinding spray until he reached the opposite bank. As he emerged upon the open plain he was confronted under the pale light of the stars by a discomfited figure on a white horse.

"Who goes, I call?" came the sharp challenge.

"Bill Durgy," was the quiet answer.

"The —— you say!" returned the voice, as if in soliloquy.

"Is that you, sheriff?" inquired the ranchman, peering through the obscurity.

"No," said the voice. "Durn me ef I'll own to it. A man thet can make ez clean a miss with a carbine ez I done jest now at a feller he was layin' fur ain't no sheriff; he's only what's left of one. I grant ye he was goin' like a locomotive, and a left-handed man ain't built for a rifle; but I was so close to him I reckon I'd hit him ef I'd shied the gun at him. The unly satisfaction I got out of it was lyin' thar in them willows, an' seein' him pepper everything he could see within a quarter of a mile. 'Jonah,' if you ever ketch me away from the ranch agin without my six-shooter, I'll give you a runnin' shot at me with a start of forty yards. Don't ask no questions now; I know my bizness. You can't git nothin' out of me. I simply says thet ef I ever git the drop on thet lad again, and miss him, I'm done pullin' triggers. Remember what ole Joe says to you. Savey now? G'lang! *Adios!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAINFALL EXPERIMENTS.

WHILE the production of rain by properly directed scientific methods is a comparatively new idea to the general public, it has been discussed and written about and theorized upon very thoroughly by a few enthusiasts for many years. Only recently, however, have their theories received any substantial recognition or encouragement, and, in view of the limited number of the experiments made within the past few months by the special commission of the Department of Agriculture, it would be premature to attempt to draw final conclusions regarding their practicability or worthlessness. It will require a large number of thorough tests of the rain-making power of man upon the concussion theory to fully establish its practical value.

However, the subject is one of extreme interest to the public at large, and particularly to that great class of workers to whom the question as to whether man can by scientific means bring moisture from the sky at will may mean far greater prosperity than they may ever hope to attain by having to rely, as they do now, upon nature's caprices.

Curiously enough, no sooner had the government commission started for the arid regions of Texas to test one rain-making theory, than a rival in the manufacture of showers appeared before the public with the claim that he could produce rain whenever he chose to do so. But Frank Melburne has not yet deemed it advisable to acquaint the public with his method of rain-making, and consequently any criticism of his work must be without true value. It would seem from the reports of his experiments, which have been published from time to time in the daily newspapers, that in a number of instances he certainly did produce rain when the Signal Service officers predicted fair weather. Upon several other occasions he failed to do so, and consequently it must remain an open question whether his method is practical or not until he shall have made extended experiments, and shall have permitted men of scientific attainments to have some insight into his mode of operating.

The tests made by Special Commissioner General Robert St. George Dyrenforth for the Department of Agriculture have, on the other hand, had no veil of secrecy drawn about them, but have been made publicly, and any investigation by scientists and by the public at large has been welcomed.

The theory upon which General Dyrenforth and his corps of able assistants have been working in Texas is one which for twenty-five years or more has been persistently advocated and expounded by Mr. Edward Powers, C.E., of Delavan, Wisconsin, and if, after a thorough trial, it shall be found practicable, Mr. Powers will have the honor of being the man who by his unremitting efforts forced it upon the world. The aspirations of mankind in this age of progress are limitless, and the attempt to control the elements, which a score of years ago would have been looked upon as an impertinent effort to usurp the powers of Providence, is now viewed by the public at large as only another step in the onward march of science. The average citizen merely shrugs his shoulders as he looks up from his daily paper and says, "I see here that they are trying to make it rain by artificial means; what will they do next?"

The theory of producing rain by concussion, as set forth by Mr. Powers in his book *War and the Weather*, may be briefly outlined as follows: Rain in its natural state is nearly always produced by the rapid union of two or more volumes of moisture-laden air which differ in a more or less great degree in temperature, the several portions, when mingled, being incapable of returning the same amount of humidity that each held in suspension before they united. If the amount of moisture held by the two or more volumes is great, then the excess is great in proportion when they mingle, and it falls as rain; if it is of slight amount, it forms cloud. It has been discovered by scientific investigation that there are constantly flowing in opposite directions over the entire area of the United States and the lower portion of British America two vast currents of moisture-laden air. One of these flows from the west to the east, and is known as the Equatorial Current. It is a continuation of the southwest trade-wind of the Pacific Ocean, and bears with it a great quantity of moisture—which it has received by evaporation in travelling over two thousand miles of tropical seas. The Equatorial Current is, therefore, quite warm and very humid. Above the Equatorial Current, and flowing in an almost opposite direction, from east to west, is what is known as the Polar Current. This great air stream, having circled around the north pole and crossed the arctic seas, is comparatively cold, and cannot for that reason contain a great amount of humidity. However, it probably does hold almost continually as much moisture as it is capable of sustaining. When, for any reason, portions of the Equatorial Current are forced up into the Polar Current, and the warm and cold bodies of humid air mix, rain results; or, in other words, when the equilibrium of the perfectly poised strata of air is disturbed, a storm of more or less violence, according to the area of the disturbance, is caused. Now it is well known that any violent explosion sets the atmospheric waves in rapid motion, and they beat upon any opposing obstacle with a force which may be likened to the breaking of the waves of the sea on a rock-bound coast. A familiar example of the force of these air waves by concussion is that of the breaking of windows by an explosion a long distance away. From a logical study of these natural phenomena and meteorological conditions of the upper air strata, Mr. Powers concluded that it was within the power of man to so set the lower portion of the air in violent motion as to cause its waves to beat upward against the ever-present and slow-moving Equatorial Current, disturb its equilibrium, cause it to mingle with the Polar Current above, and so by their mixing produce rain.

In support of this theory, Mr. Powers was at great pains to collect data regarding the undisputable fact that a great majority of the world's battles, where there was heavy artillery firing, have been succeeded by copious rains, and he presented a formidable array of statistics to show that his ideas upon the artificial production of rain were correct.

Like most men with new and great plans for the benefit of mankind, Mr. Powers met with but little encouragement, and he encountered ridicule or even disheartening cold politeness wherever he attempted to promulgate his theories. By dint of perseverance, and buoyed up by the belief that the practical working of his theory would confer upon mankind for all time a measureless boon, he at last succeeded in gaining some powerful proselytes to his cause. Among these was ex-Senator Farwell, of Chicago. Senator Farwell was so deeply interested in the subject that he caused the appropriation under which the recent experiments have been made to be included in the general appropriation for the Department of Agriculture at the last session of Congress. As only $9000 was appropriated for the rain-making experiments, and as Mr. Powers had estimated that at least $80,000 would be required for one test, it was thought advisable to put the practical working of the matter into the hands of another man. General Dyrenforth, who is a graduate of the University of Heidelberg and of the Polytechnic at Carlsruhe, and who was a believer in the theory of producing rain by concussions, was selected to conduct the experiments.

A full account of how each experiment was made would occupy too much space for the limits of this article. I have been present at all of the tests, and have observed them carefully, and the deduction which I have drawn is that while, with the present limited knowledge of the subject, it would be extravagant to attempt to transform the desert places of this country into fertile farming lands, still the benefits which will be realized if rain can be produced at will, even in more favored localities, will be so vast that it is well worth while to continue in the lines laid down. That by far the greater number of the tests were successful, I know from personal observation. Those which were made at Midland, on the southern edge of the Llano Estacado, were particularly encouraging. All of that country is dry and almost barren, and almost no rain had fallen there for months previous to the advent of the rainmakers. Immediately following several of the experiments heavy rains fell within a radius of from forty to one hundred miles of the place where the explosions were made, and, what was even more important, the rain fell heaviest immediately at the place where the experimenters were.

At El Paso the efforts to produce rain were not nearly so successful. According to the officers of the Signal Service at El Paso, that town and its immediate vicinity are peculiarly exempt from the meteorological and barometrical conditions which prevail in nearly all other portions of the United States. Quite often heavy rains will fall on all sides of the valley in which El Paso nestles, and day after day storms will be reported from all points of the compass, yet not one drop will fall on the city.

On the day before the explosions were made at this place, Mr. John T. Ellis, who, in General Dyrenforth's absence, had charge of the experiments, made a balloon ascension for the especial purpose of discovering if possible whether he could find the height of the Equatorial and Polar currents. He entered the Equatorial Current at a height above El Paso of about 7500 feet, but was surprised to find that even in that aerial river the humidity showed but a slight percentage. The next day the barometer was exceedingly high, and the humidity was only fourteen per cent. in the city. The indications for rain of any kind, natural or artificial, were very slight; it was what was known as a "clearing day," and the forecasts of the Signal Service officer were for continued fair weather. Not only was this the case in El Paso, but the same conditions were reported as existing within a radius of one hundred miles from El Paso.

The means for producing the concussions desired were on a grand scale. An immense quantity of dynamite and rackarock powder was carried to the summit of Mount Franklin by plucky little burros; many large balloons, made to contain from six hundred to twelve hundred cubic feet of oxyhydrogen gas—one of the most powerful explosives known in chemistry—were made ready; over a hundred 21-pound bomb-shells were ranged beside mortars, ready to be thrown high in the air, and there exploded.

The rather elaborate programme was carried out without hitch or accident of any kind, and the people of El Paso and the many distinguished visitors who had come from Mexico and near-by States were treated to an exhibition which has been without parallel in the United States since the war. The number of explosions made on that day was greater than that of the shots fired from cannon in many important battles. The concussions were so great from the explosions of the balloons that the buildings shook perceptibly, and when charges of from thirty to fifty pounds of dynamite were set off at a time, plaster fell from ceilings, and women and children rushed out of doors in terror. This bombardment of the cruelly unsympathetic and unresponsive sky was kept up for twelve hours by the efforts of the rainfall men and a detachment of soldiers from Fort Bliss.

Not a drop of rain fell in El Paso within ninety-six hours after the last explosion, but reports from the surrounding country, and particularly from the Mexican state of Chihuahua, stated that heavy rains had fallen all the way from fifteen to one hundred miles from this city. In Chihuahua these rains were sorely needed, as there had been a severe drought in that state for many months. The result of the firing in El Paso itself was the rapid falling of the barometer, a marked increase in the percentage of humidity, and, what was never known to occur there before in the history of the town, the precipitation of a heavy dew that night.

In view of this remarkable barometric change produced by the experiments in El Paso, and in view of the copious rains which followed all the tests made near Midland, it is certainly safe to say that the concussion theory of rainmaking has now arrived at a stage when the question is not, can man produce rain? but rather, under what conditions and in what manner must he proceed to do so? I believe that the correct answer to this latter question will be given before the end of the century. N. A. Jennings.

THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY FAIR.

(*Continued from page 768.*)

try people to assemble for any purpose, it would seem to be a duty which the association owes to the public that vicious persons with knavish devices for stealing should be kept away, or at least suppressed whenever found. On the other hand, it would seem about time that country people should learn that something cannot be had for nothing; but as the generations pass, those of the present seem to be as easily deceived as were their fathers.

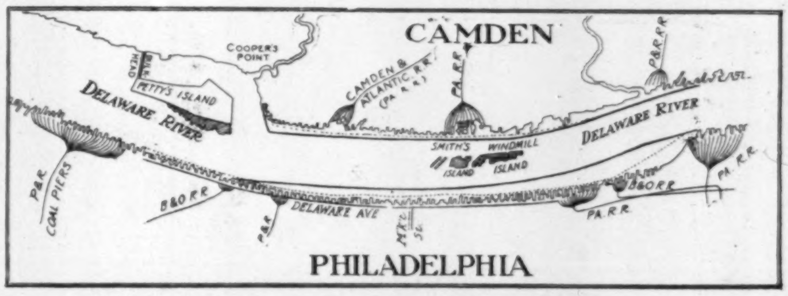
The races were no end of fun. The country people did not bother about the strange and unheard-of rulings of the judges, nor did the city folks. It did not make much matter, and the errors and strange rulings of the judges were more a subject for mirth than anger or serious concern. This observation is made with regard to the judges of the races, and not of the live-stock and farm produce exhibited. The judges in these classes had serious work to do, and had they made bad errors of judgment, that would have been another matter entirely, that would have spoiled the success of the fair.

Such fairs as the one just held ought to do a great good in many ways. If a breeder succeeds in raising better stock than his neighbors; if a farmer grows better wheat or corn; if a gardener produces finer fruits or flowers—the county fair is the place to learn that these things are so; and not one successful agriculturist in ten thousand would be other than glad to tell all his neighbors, and all the world, in fact, what he had done to produce the results which rewarded his thought and labor. Farmers are more liberal than other men in this regard. They never have secret processes, or try to protect any agricultural method by letters-patent. Without any ethical laws restricting their action, they are universally guided by rules the like of which medical men, for instance, have to enforce with all the social and professional strength of combined associations of doctors. A man does not begin the breeding of a certain class of horses or cows or pigs because he wishes to be an exhibiter at fairs and a winner of prizes, but in very many instances his interest in certain animals is first awakened at a county fair, and he buys some of the stock which strikes his fancy. Then he breeds to improve his own stock, and when he does become an exhibiter he does so because he believes that he has met with some measure of success, and he wishes to have some standard applied. And so it is with the farm products. What effect the county fairs have on women's work—the making of quilts and the making of jam and gingerbread—it is not necessary to say, as the energy of women in the production of such good and useful things has always been so great that it has never required any opportunity for competition to bring forth as wonderful results as there is really any need for. But they like these competitions, and therefore it is only right that every chance should be given to gratify their desires. But a man who consents to act as judge in a class confined to women exhibiters deserves — well, it is not necessary to say what he deserves, for there is no doubt in the world that nine times out of ten he gets it.

It is probable that the majority of those who attended the fair were more interested in the races than in anything else. And the pony-races would have afforded very excellent sport had it not been for the erratic conduct of the judges before alluded to. The little boys and girls who drove and rode their own ponies in the show rings attracted much notice, and there was in several instances much skill shown by the young riders and drivers. The ladies' saddle-horses and the saddle-horses for gentlemen were both good rings, and the horsemanship of the exhibiters showed a marked advance made in a few years in the skill of both men and women in the East in the art of equitation. The hackneys exhibited were of a high class, and these useful horses are evidently becoming more popular every year in America.

On the whole, the Westchester County Fair was a great success, and next year the association will doubtless need to have much larger accommodations for visitors. The grounds are so near to New York that they can be easily reached by city people, and city people at such places cannot fail to see much that will both amuse and instruct. But while such fairs can do city people much good, it will be a great pity if this one in Westchester is ever so changed that it will be made for city people to the disadvantage of those from the country. Such an effort would defeat itself, and in every way be disastrous to the association.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.



MAP SHOWING IMPROVEMENT OF DELAWARE RIVER BY UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

Dotted Lines (............), present Port-warden's Lines. Heavy Lines (———), proposed Port-warden's Lines. Smith's, Windmill, and shaded Portion of Petty's Island to be removed. Windmill Island now being removed.

THE DELAWARE RIVER ISLANDS.

The work of removing the Delaware River islands at Philadelphia is the largest individual contract now being carried out for the government in the country. The removal of the islands and shoals surrounding them will cost nearly $3,000,000, and the amount of dirt to be removed is about 18,000,000 cubic yards. At the present time the contractors have dug up 300,000 cubic yards. According to the specifications of the contract, they will have to remove 400,000 cubic yards more before the first of next year. The Delaware River islands have been an obstacle to navigation at Philadelphia, and the commercial prosperity of the port has been affected materially by them. For many years prominent men interested in maritime affairs and the officials of the city agitated the question of the removal of the insular obstructions, and it has only been within the present year that sufficient preparations have been made for the improvement of the harbor. Congress by this time had made appropriations amounting to $690,000 for the beginning of the stupendous task.

Last spring the government Board of Civil Engineers handed in the specifications, and soon after bids were opened. There were several corporations anxious to secure the stupendous job, and they spent months in making their estimates on the probable cost. Upon the closing of the bids it was found that James A. Mundy & Co., of Philadelphia, had made the lowest bid. The contract was awarded to this corporation, in which are interested James A. Mundy, Jacob Busch, and William Johns. A $1,000,000 bond was given for the faithful and honest performance of the work.

There are two islands (Smith's and Windmill) to be entirely removed, and a third (Petty's) to be partly removed. Smith's Island is a landmark to Philadelphians, and was, up to a few years ago, the Gloucester of that city. Smith's and Windmill islands lie opposite the central part of the city, while Petty's is away up at the northern end, near the ship-building industries. Work upon the contract was begun in the middle of May, when the trees and revetements on Windmill Island were torn away. The removal of dirt was not started really until the close of July, by which time the contractors had been enabled to receive a part of their present plant, which cost about $600,000. There are nine gigantic dredging-machines—scoop dredges, clam dredges, endless-chain dredges, and a "blower." The "blower," named Big Jim, has just arrived, and its value is placed at $70,000. It sucks up through a cylinder 25 cubic yards of mud at a time, and can throw the material hundreds of feet. When all the dredges are at work, Mr. Mundy, who is superintending the removal personally, says they can dig up from 15,000 to 20,000 cubic yards a day. It is his expectation that a month more will see the balance of the 750,000 cubic yards to be removed at the end of the year dumped on League Island, the site of the Philadelphia Navy-yard. The contract specifies that 8,000,000 cubic yards of the removed dirt shall be taken to the Navy-yard to fill up the hollow places. The contractors are allowed 9½ cents additional for every cubic yard dumped on League Island. The contract price for the removal of the other 10,000,000 cubic yards is 10⅞ cents per cubic yard. The labor of removal has been easy, and is expected to remain so. There are no rocks to be dug up. It is all sand, gravel, and mud. It is prescribed that the Delaware River shall be dug to the depth of 26 feet, and a channel 2000 yards wide be formed. The wharves along the Philadelphia front will be increased to a length of 700 feet, which is over 400 feet more than they now are. The Camden wharves will be lengthened 500 feet. There are over 200 men employed by the contractors, and the monthly pay-roll foots up to more than $12,000.

So far Windmill is the only island being dug up. Within six months the contractors expect to have it entirely removed. Smith's Island will not be removed until after the work of pruning the sides of the triangular Petty's shall have been finished. Philadelphians are attracted by the removal of the dirt to League Island and the filling up of the hollow places there. It is their belief that the government proposes to make it a great navy-yard. Within the past year there have been made many improvements around the yard; several new wharves have been built, and appropriations amounting to over $200,000 have been made for more improvements.

A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

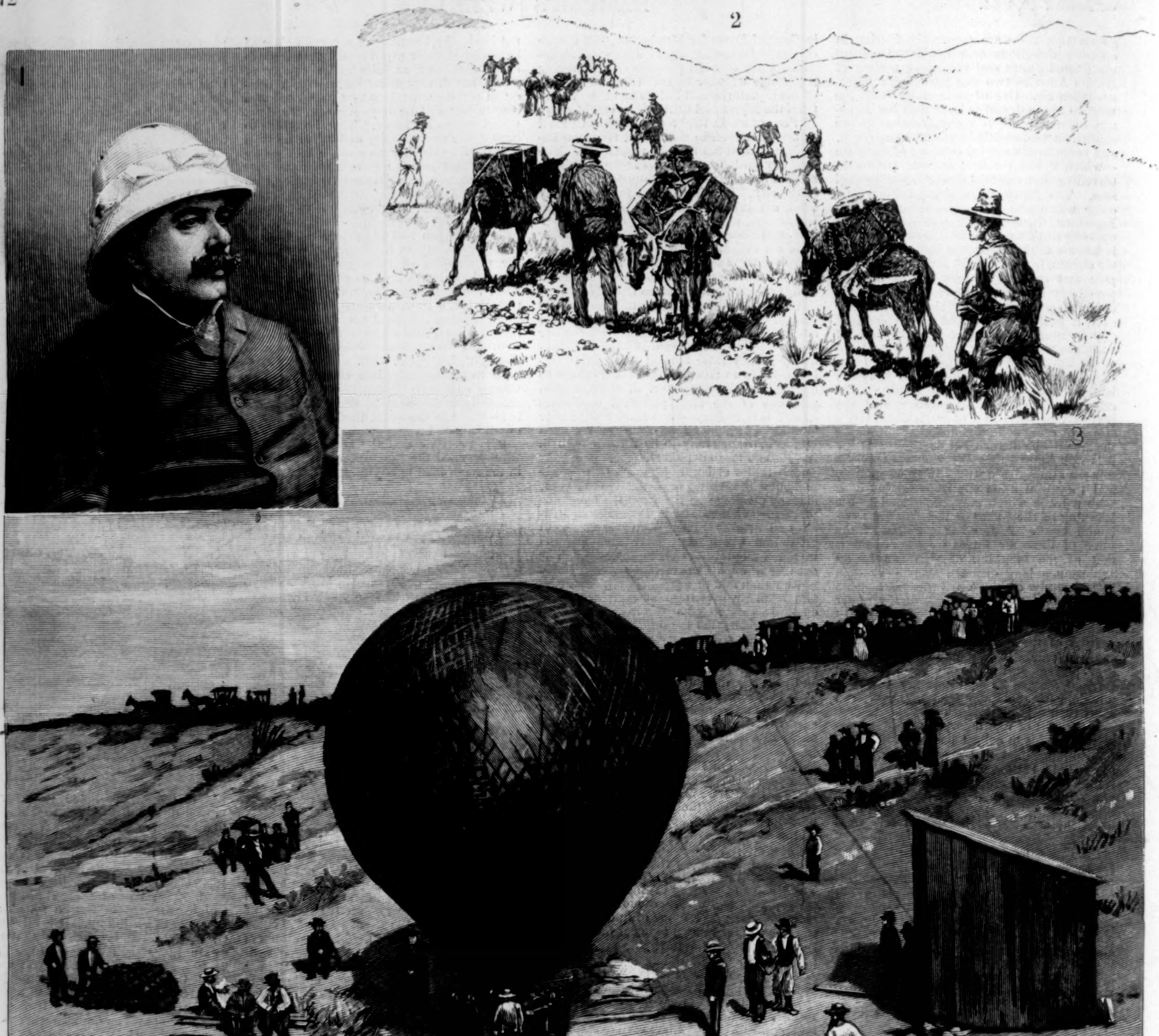
Stone-roughened till the hoof that climbs it treads
Its steep stretch cautiously, it plunges through
Where thick leaf-tangles muffle and subdue
The wild-wood sounds, and spruces join their heads
And shut out dimly all the cloudless blue.

It dips and winds adown the hills, between
Where buckwheat fields breathe fragrance to the air,
Fine-flowered, billowy, and snow-white; where
Stone fences trail dark through the land's fresh green,
And farmsteads mark the slopes but here and there—

Good homes, where tins dry in the sun, and brave
The jealous-tended door-yard posies blow;
A saw-mill, idle while the stream runs low;
And its red dust is stirred but little save
For ox-drawn load or hay-cart rumbling slow.

Only the locusts' sleepy whir, and bells
On hill-sides and in woods where cattle stray,
Hallowing all the sweet, long summer day;
A quietness wide and serene, that tells
The moiling, harassed world is far away.

Emma A. Opper.



THE GOVERNMENT RAINFALL EXPERIMENTS IN TEXAS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 770.]

1. General Robert G. Dyrenforth. 2. A Burro Train carrying Dynamite up the Mountain. 3. The Balloon in which John T. Ellis made his Ascension. 4. Sending up an Oxyhydrogen Balloon. 5. A Dynamite Explosion on Mount Franklin.

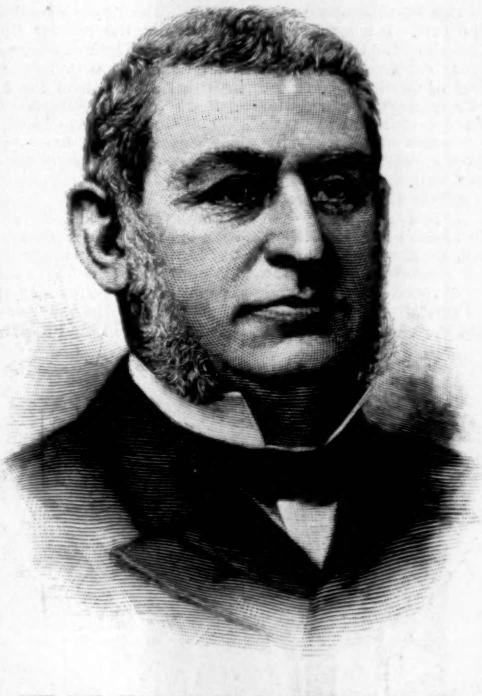
THE JEWS OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY DR. ABRAM S. ISAACS.—FROM DRAWINGS BY W. A. ROGERS, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE story of Jewish immigration to the United States offers but few facts to the chronicler, and differs little from the record made by the successive landslides of other nationalities which have filled our towns and cities and assured our country's prosperity. In common with the oppressed and persecuted of all creeds, the Jews were attracted to the New World, whose discovery occurred in the same year as the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. Their growth and prominence on American soil, so strikingly free from the bigotry and intolerance that have imbittered their existence in other lands, cannot be regarded as exceptional. Follow the history of American Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, and a similar rapid development will be noticed. There seems to be some subtle element in American conditions which gives strength and impetus to most of the denominations.

Yet the growth of the Jews is in some respects remarkable, because they have had peculiar difficulties to overcome, and up to the past few decades their numbers were very limited. Possessing no national church organization, without a recognized head or authority, being strictly congregational in character, they have had also to contend with the heterogeneous nature of their population, the smallest fraction being native born, or dating back a century on American soil, and the large majority coming from all parts of Europe within recent decades. The process of Americanization cannot be hurried; it takes a generation at least to forget or to unlearn. The children of the immigrant, however, never need be told American holidays. Our public schools and the press are potent agencies that develop the American character, with its strength and weaknesses. Jew and non-Jew are alike influenced by these.

The beginnings of the "Jewish colony" in New York can be traced back only 236 years. It was in 1654 that the first band of Jewish settlers arrived in New Amsterdam, and under rather discouraging circumstances. They were twenty-seven in all, who had sailed from Brazil on the restoration of Brazilian power, which boded no good to the descendants of exiled Jews of Spain and Portugal. They were so destitute that their baggage was seized and sold at public auction in payment for the passage. To add to their troubles, as the amount thus realized was found not sufficient, two of them were held as "hostages," and confined in jail until the claim was satisfied. Nor was this all. Peter Stuyvesant objected to Jewish immigrants, and in a letter to the home authorities was not ashamed to plead that "none of the Jewish nation be permitted to infest New Netherland." Holland, however, maintained its character for toleration, and summarily curbed Stuyvesant's zeal by passing an act allowing Hebrews to reside and trade in New Netherland, so long as they cared for their poor.

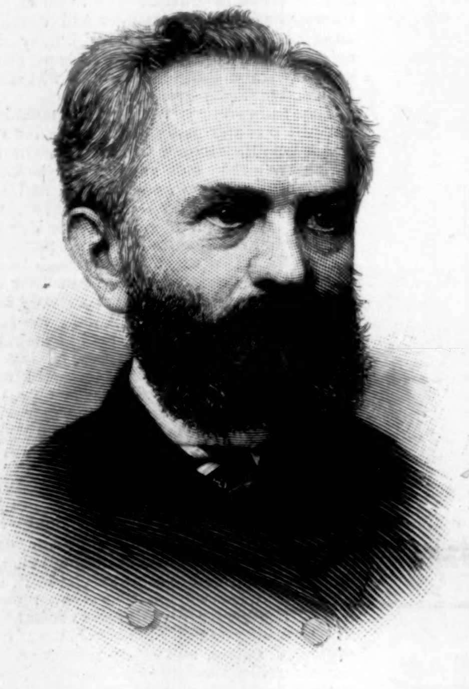


THE HON. JESSE SELIGMAN, PRESIDENT HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM.

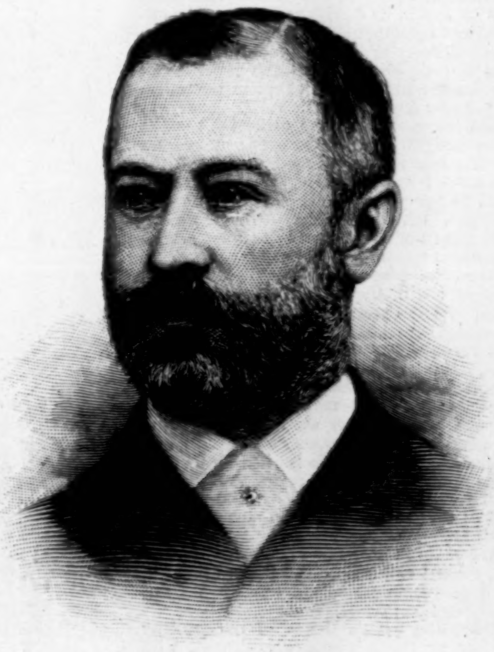
Under Dutch and English rule the Jews enjoyed a reasonable share of prosperity despite occasional restrictions. A fuller measure of civil liberty was theirs when the colonies secured their independence. But although a few prominent names have been preserved from that epoch and the early decades of this century, and are referred to by local historians, no antiquities, no historic memorials of the past, survive. Happily New York has no Ghetto reminiscences, like old-time cities abroad. The solitary landmark is the old cemetery on the Bowery and Oliver Street, a narrow strip of ground bought in 1681, and deeded to the Jews by Noe Willey in 1729–1730. It has none of the picturesqueness and charm of the old Jewish cemetery at Newport, but possesses some interest for the antiquarian. The first regular synagogue was built in Mill Street in 1729.

STATISTICS.

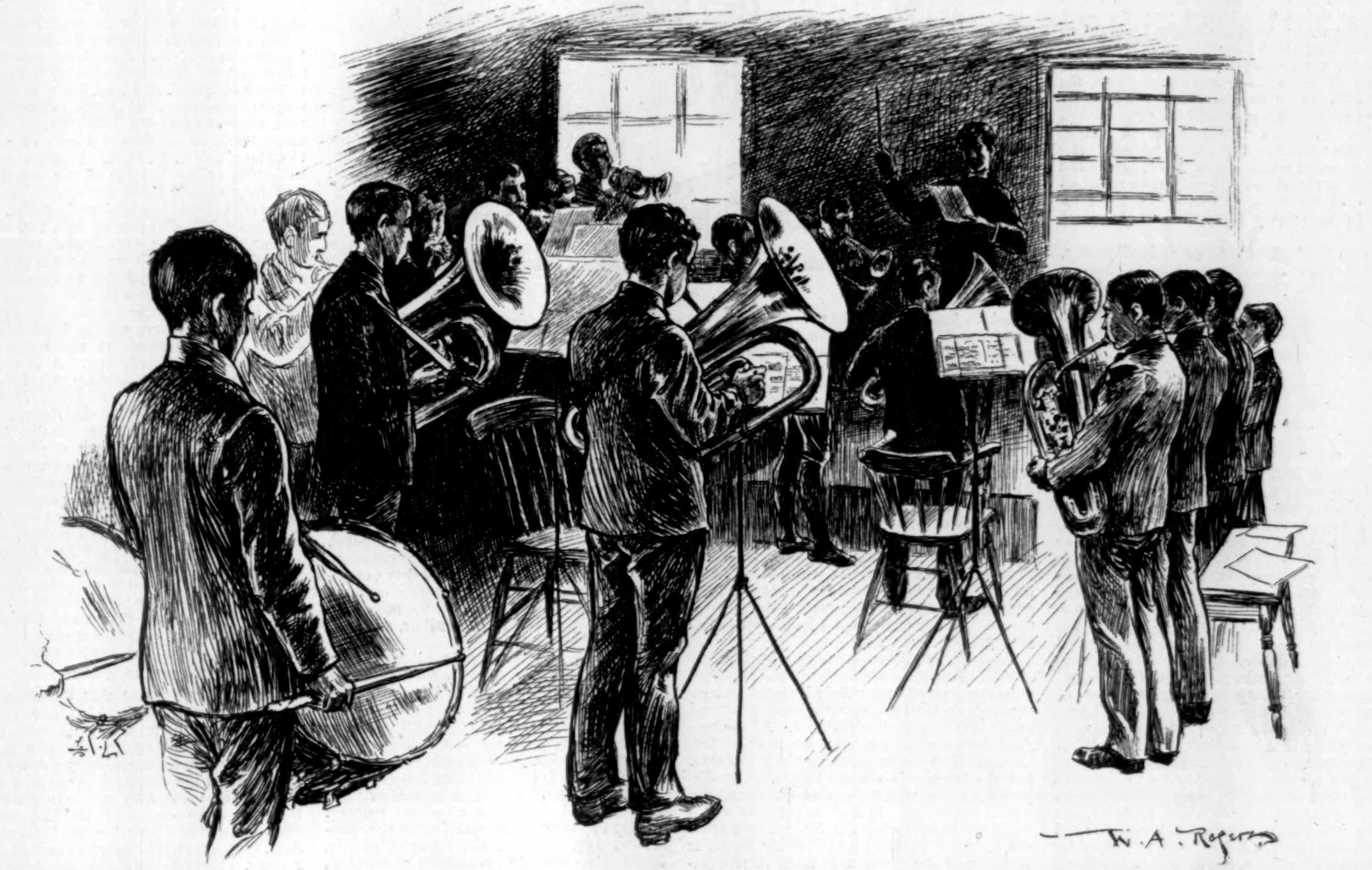
The real history of the Jews of New York began about half a century ago, when the comparatively small number of native-born and English Hebrews was increased by German immigration, which continued uninterruptedly until 1861, when it ceased, only to be revived after the war. It was then joined by similar streams from other portions of Europe. The more recent landslide from Russia, which is continuing, has more than doubled the Jewish population within ten years. Some idea of the enormous growth can best be gleaned from a census of the Jews in the Seventh, Tenth, and Thirteenth wards, which was taken in August, 1890. The inspectors reported 111,690 souls, which were distributed among 23,801 families, being an average of 4.81 per family. Of the whole number, 60,257 were children, 19,672 of whom, including those under school age, attend schools; 7396, or 32 per cent., were citizens, 15,675 non-citizens; 11,895 were in New York two years and under, while the average length of time of all in the United States was nine and a half years. As the district embraced in this enumeration, although a crowded section, is but small in extent, the entire Jewish



HENRY RICE, PRESIDENT UNITED HEBREW CHARITIES.



THE HON. JACOB H. SCHIFF, PRESIDENT OF THE MONTEFIORE HOME FOR CHRONIC INVALIDS.



THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM BAND.

population of the city cannot fall much below 225,000. The latest report of the New York Charities Directory gives 46 incorporated synagogues, of which number fully one-half are large congregations, occupying their own edifices. The list is manifestly incomplete, because temporary congregations are always organized for the September holidays throughout the city, which count thousands of worshippers. Perhaps the Jewish Day of Atonement bears the most convincing testimony as to the numbers and varied character of the Jews of New York. The closed stores on Broadway and the avenues, the crowds of people going to and from synagogue, the absence of notabilities from the exchanges, the business stagnation in retail and wholesale trade, often on the busiest day of the week, tell a suggestive story. All classes publicly participate in the fast—the rich and the poor, Fifth Avenue and Essex Street. It is not only the newly arrived immigrant that, in the best attire of which he can boast, hastens to a place of worship, often in a small rear room on the top floor of a tenement-house, the uptown streets are full of the wealthiest and most fashionable Hebrews, who on that day attend worship, and submit to the traditional custom, which means a rigid abstinence from food and drink for twenty-four hours.

CLASSES AND CONDITIONS.

All large cities exhibit varieties of type, and New York certainly within the past decade or two can vie with the most cosmopolitan; and perhaps the greatest differences can be seen in its Jewish residents. The elegant and commodious temples on Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue and Seventy-sixth Street—the latter being the latest addition—are eloquent reminders of the new day that has dawned. Time was when the synagogue had to be built in the most unsightly part of the town; many such shrines can be seen abroad, and recall the age when it was fortress as well as sanctuary, with its heavy portals and surrounding wall, within which Jews would gather for protection from the mob. In the happier era on American soil the Jew builds his synagogues in the broad places, and they vie in cost and character with the most stately church edifices. Some excellent examples of Gothic, Byzantine, Romanesque, and the Renaissance are furnished by the more elaborate temples. All the trades and professions are represented among their members. The bar, medicine, arts and manufactures, politics, science, and literature are alike patronized. In certain lines the Hebrews confessedly lead their competitors; in the learned professions their progress has been rapid. The homes of the wealthy are marked by taste and elegance; they patronize art and music, and are liberal supporters of the drama. This class is American in ideal and characteristics, and in personal traits and aspirations differs in no degree from the cultured and wealthy of any prominent American denomination.

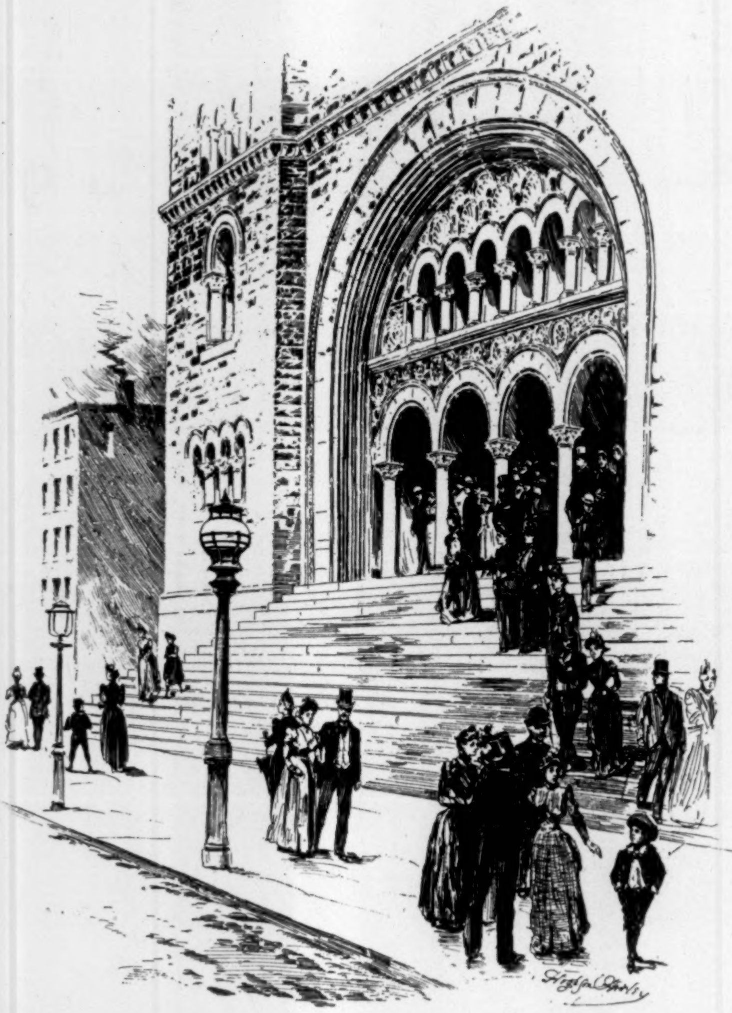
From the palatial home of the wealthy banker or the millionaire merchant, with their children reared in luxury and sent to the best schools and colleges, let us cast a glance at the mass of immigrants who are crowding to our shores. We make his acquaintance first at the Barge Office, which presents sights well worthy of delineation. Arriving timid, weary, usually ignorant of English, and often knowing no other dialect than his native jargon, in many cases the victim of persecution and harsh laws, the poor Russian or Roumanian is received by the duly appointed officer of the United Hebrew Charities. He is made to feel at once that he has landed among friends. His most pressing wants are supplied. If he has friends in the city, he is guided to their address. If he wishes to settle in the interior, he is quickly forwarded to the destination.

Up to 1890 about 25,000 arrived yearly, since the Russian outrages of '81–2, and it is estimated that fully two-thirds settle in New York, and of these the great majority in the lower part of the city east of the Bowery and south of Fourteenth Street. According to the statistics referred to already, out of the 111,690 Jews in the Seventh, Tenth, and Thirteenth wards, 7949 are lodgers, 66,214 are Russians, 4607 Roumanians. Only 15,837 out of the whole number speak English. The average weekly earnings, steady, are $10 13 and $5 80, male and female respectively. The average number of rooms to each family is 3.08; the amount of rent paid by each family per month reached $14 28. These people are by no means idlers; 9595 are tailors, 2084 cloakmakers, 1043 workers in white goods, 2440 are peddlers, 1382 are clerks, 976 cigarmakers, 715 capmakers, 458 painters, 443 carpenters, 417 tinners, 413 butchers, 370 grocers, 287 jewellers, 270 bakers, 260 cigar-dealers, 149 machinists, 148 glaziers, 251 teachers, 248 saloon-keepers, 67 musicians, 62 dairies, 145 printers, 83 shoe-dealers, 70 bar-tenders, 86 cast-off clothing, besides other occupations, which prove at least the varied character of the population, and how resolutely they set to work to earn an existence in a new land and under hardly favorable conditions. It is worthy of note that despite the poverty that obtains in this quarter of the city, many new and handsome synagogues have been built of late years, while a large number of charitable and educational societies, which are supported by the residents chiefly, prove their benevolence and piety. In 1891 the arrivals from Russia have reached about 10,000 a month, the large majority remaining in this city.

CHARITIES.

New York is favorably known for the variety and extent of its charities, public and private, in whose support all denominations show a splendid rivalry. Certainly the Jews are admittedly among the foremost in the good work, and maintain their traditional reputation for benevolence.

The centre of the general charitable system is at 58 St. Mark's Place, once a fashionable thoroughfare, and yet retaining a spaciousness of its own, with marks of former elegance. The crowds that gather daily at the office of the United Hebrew Charities indicate the hold of this organization on the Jewish poor and destitute. It is now a little over twenty-five years since the theory of co-operation and union in charitable work was applied to a number of Jewish benevolent societies; it marked a salutary advance, and its happy results have been acknowledged. It has none of the features of a society for the poor which simply pauperizes, but its aim is to promote self-help and cure mendicancy, while giving a fresh start in life to deserving applicants. It is a busy scene—the daily routine at the rooms of the Charities. Old and young, men, women, and children, all nationalities and conditions, crowd the offices and halls, and receive careful and kindly attention. Pressing necessities are at once relieved, and the cases are then referred to intelligent volunteer visitors, who make detailed reports. The Charities support trained nurses, an agent at the Barge Office for immigrants, an employment bureau of rare efficiency, an industrial school for two hundred girls, and free burial for the poor. It is supported by voluntary subscriptions and grants from the constituent societies. Its expenditures in charity vary from year to year, and last year reached $105,000. It is worthy of note that the management of the Charities is largely in the hands of active merchants, who devote their leisure to the cause of benevolence.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE BETH-EL, SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

The Mount Sinai Hospital, with its recently erected dispensary, the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, and the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, illustrate a second feature of Jewish charity—its lavish provision for suffering and weakness.

These institutions take rank with the best of their class in the land. They are provided with every comfort for their inmates, and no expense is spared to secure the most improved medical and surgical appliances. At the hospital there are accommodations for about 200, the annual expenses reaching about $85,000; but the income is always larger. The dispensary and a training-school for nurses are useful adjuncts. It had the honor again this year of receiving the largest sum from the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Fund, as it sheltered the greatest number of free patients. The hospital is unsectarian, and recently its broad basis has been recognized by non-Israelites in the bequests of the Misses Burr and Mr. Fayerweather. The death rate is surprisingly low; the attention is of the best. An out-door relief and district corps has lately been organized.

The Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, at 139th Street and the Boulevard, established in honor of Sir Moses Montefiore's centenary, is unique in its origin no less than its arrangements. A visit to the wards will show what magnificent provision is made for the helpless and hopeless who are received, many of whom are restored to full strength and activity. It accommodates about 175, and is also nonsectarian, in the spirit of Sir Moses Montefiore's charity. An air of home pervades its spacious rooms. The kindly, cheerful atmosphere, the liberal diet, the regular life, lend a special attraction. The Montefiore Home is supported wholly by voluntary membership. In 1886 a fair was held for its benefit, which netted the sum of $158,090 11.

The Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews dates back thirty years, and the 175 inmates who occupy the handsome edifice on 105th Street, west of Ninth Avenue, have every reason to be grateful. Here, too, it is really a home for the old folks, and their pleasant surroundings and freedom from care contribute to a surprising longevity. The cost of maintaining the institution is about $30,000 annually. It is a favorite among all classes of New York Hebrews, and numerous are the donations in kind received.

The Hebrew Orphan Asylum has for some years occupied a commanding site on the west side of Tenth Avenue and 136th Street. The land and building cost not far from a million, and the result is a commodious and healthful home for nearly 600 boys and girls. The interior arrangements are on a par with the delightful situation. The dormitories, the kitchen, the play-rooms, the synagogue, the class-rooms for those who do not attend public school, are models of their kind. The lads of the Orphan Asylum were addressed by General Sherman not long before his death, and they marched in the line at his funeral. Their band has acquired quite a reputation, and the soldierly bearing of the boys at parade has aroused much favorable comment. In some respects the asylum is the most popular of all the Jewish institutions, and it is generously supported.

The Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, which maintains an asylum for nearly 600 children in the edifice on the Boulevard between 150th and 151st streets, and the Deborah Nursery, with its uptown and down-town branches, providing for 400 children, were established to take care of little ones who are committed by the courts, as well as of infants whose parents are unable to look after them in working hours. An excellent summer charity of many years' standing is the Sanitarium Association for Hebrew Children, which gives weekly excursions to mothers and children, and has its own sea-side home.

The most important organization that has ever existed among the Jews of America, if not of the world, has its headquarters in New York. It is the Baron de Hirsch Trust, and is composed of a select committee, who have received the sum of $2,400,000 to aid and educate Jewish immigrants. The strictest rules govern the committee, which effectually prevent any premium on pauperism, but have one aim in view—the development of the Russian and Roumanian immigrant to the status of a self-supporting American citizen. The trust supports schools for the young and old, labors to divert the stream of immigration from the chief cities, encourages manual training and agricultural work, and will be of profound and salutary influence for the future.

EDUCATION.

In addition to the schools attached to most of the synagogues which provide religious and ethical instruction, the most important society for the education of the children of the poor is the Hebrew Free School Association, which was founded in 1864, and maintains about 3200 pupils in all its departments—Hebrew religious classes, kindergartens, girls' industrial classes, and preparatory technical school. No child is accepted of school age who does not attend the public schools. The new building is being completed at the junction of East Broadway and Jefferson Street, and will be known as the Hebrew Institute, on the model of Cooper Institute, and will be utilized by a number of Jewish societies for the education of Jewish children and the social improvement of those of maturer growth. The new edifice will contain a large hall, class meeting-rooms, library and reading-room, gymnasium, workshops, cooking-school, and baths, and its roof will serve for a summer play-ground.

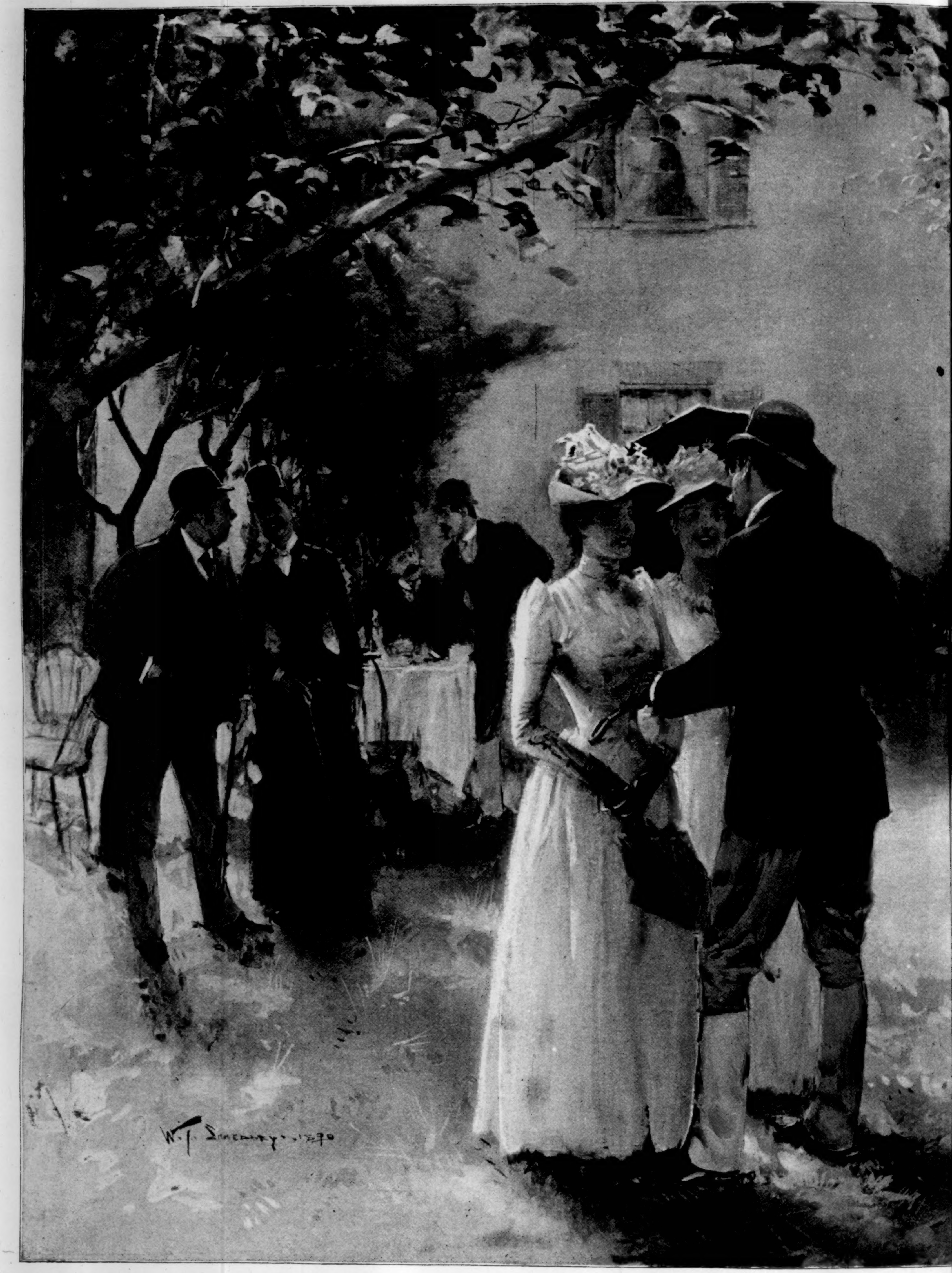
The rudimentary training in technical pursuits prepares many of the boys for entrance into the Hebrew Technical Institute, which trains 150 lads at its well-appointed building, 34–36 Stuyvesant Street, and has won repeated praise for its successful record. It does more than merely prepare Jewish boys for industrial and mechanical pursuits; it gives them that exact and thorough training which makes them experts in their various trades, and assures them a steady and satisfactory maintenance. Among the subjects taught are carpentry, cabinet-making, pattern-making, wood-carving, visework, lathework, casting, forging, freehand and mechanical drawing, modelling in clay, the elements of electrical science, together with the English branches. The experiment of teaching Jewish youth familiarity with tools is on a line with the efforts made to divert Jewish activity into other fields than finance and commerce, and marks a new era in education, whose happy results the coming generation will glean. Two of his three years the pupil spends in general instruction, but the third is devoted to some special work for which aptitude is shown. The graduates win readily remunerative positions in metal and wood working establishments, architects' and engineers' offices, and other industries. A ladies' auxiliary society supplies warm lunch at noon every school day. The new life thus opened for the youth of the poorer classes is eloquent testimony in favor of the Technical Institute, which yields to no school of its kind in completeness or thoroughness.

The Young Men's Hebrew Association was founded in 1874, and soon developed useful and commendable features, somewhat similar to those of the Y. M. C. A., but without any religious tendency. Its lecture course from year to year entertained the members, and many Christian clergymen kindly consented to address the Y. M. H. A. It was certainly indicative of the breadth of the association that they should have welcomed Rev. Dr. John Hall, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, Rev. Dr. George H. Hepworth, Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, side by side with Jewish clergymen on their platform. Of recent years the chief activity has been directed to educate and Americanize the poorer class of immigrants, with excellent results. Classes in English have been organized, weekly lectures held, and a library opened in the down-town branch on East Broadway. A few years ago the Aguilar Free Library was founded, in part from the library of the Y. M. H. A. and in part from that of the Hebrew Free Schools; its circulation is large, and its founders entertain sanguine hopes of progress in the near future. Its privileges are extended to the general public. Schools flourish among the newly arrived immigrants, often in unsavory localities, attesting the love of learning even among the poverty-stricken. More pretentious societies, like the East Broadway Talmud Thorah, impart instruction to hundreds of boys, and are supported almost wholly by the down-town Hebrews. The Jewish Theological Seminary Association was organized a few years ago, and devotes itself to the training of Jewish ministers.

WOMEN IN ISRAEL.

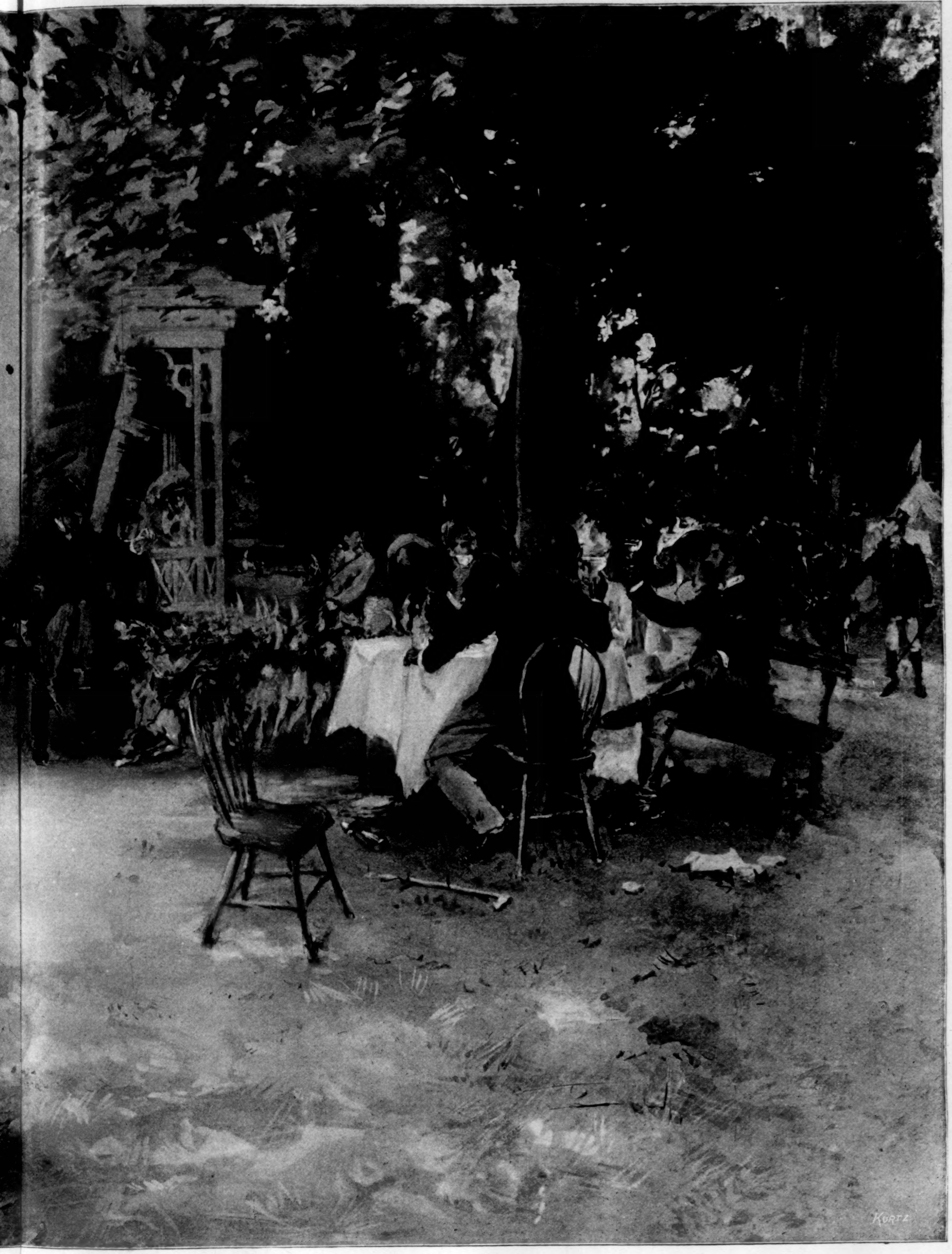
There is little doubt that the success of Jewish benevolent work in New York is largely due to the interest manifested by the women. While they do not take part in synagogue management, and have no ambition to enter the pulpit, they are zealous co-workers in missionary and educational effort. In some cases, as in the Hebrew Free Schools and the Home for the Aged and Infirm, they are eligible to serve among the directors. Usually, however, auxiliary socie.

(*Continued on page 779.*)



W. T. Smedley. 1890

A PAPER-HUNT BREAKFAST AT THE DUMBLANE CLUB



LUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 779.]

THE DUMBLANE CLUB OF WASHINGTON.

Ten years ago Tennallytown was a remote suburb of Washington, although it adjoined Georgetown. Now it forms the straggling end of that ancient and peculiar borough, while through it runs the broad highway which leads out by Red Top, the former home of President Cleveland, the Whitney place, the Country Club, and on to the more modern Dumblane.

The country in Maryland, outside of the District of Columbia, seemed not promising. It is a hard clay soil, the surface is broken, the growth is often stunted, and the roads were as bad as the incompetency of a somewhat indolent agricultural community could make them. In the early days of the Grant administration there were a few hospitable homes within easy distance of the capital, situated in the midst of luxuriant farms; for even the exhausted soil of this part of Maryland can be made fruitful if its owner will be both patient and extravagantly generous. And the larders of these homes were well stocked, and in the kitchens were famous negro cooks who understood the terrapin and the canvas-back. Thither the gourmets of Washington used to drive, and in the spring, when, it is said, even now Washington, with all its newly acquired metropolitan airs, lapses into the village community, there used to be picnics, especially at the great square old-fashioned brick house, with its generous portico, belonging to Grant's especial favorite, his old California chum, General Beall, whom he made Minister to Austria, and who for years kept for him those famous Arab horses.

In Mr. Arthur's time there was a little riding through the scrubby oaks of the outskirts. The President rode, and made the exercise good form, but it was Mr. Whitney who made the trotting horse part of the equipment of private Washington stables; and trotting horses demanding good roads, good roads came, and now there are many miles of admirable dirt roads and some macadamized highways leading out of the District of Columbia into the surrounding country. Mr. Whitney's turnouts were famous in the first days of the Cleveland administration; but fashionable Americans have long since ceased to be content to sit in a slender buggy and to be rapidly dragged over the roads when there are fences and ditches to take across country on the back of a horse. But the trotting horse made some splendid discoveries of shaded lanes and of lands not so sterile and unpromising as those that were old in Grant's time.

Washington was growing rich all this time, or, rather, its winter population was. It was becoming more and more of a winter resort, and the idle and luxurious people who had taken up their quarters and had built their winter homes within its precincts wanted something different from the routs and teas and dinners and balls. Good roads had been built, and they wanted to drive. Wanting to drive, they wanted some place to drive to—some place where they would feel at home, some place in which they would have a sense of proprietorship. At first the Whitney country house—a most open and hospitable place—became a general resort; but that would not do for gentle people, who began to feel that daily incursions on a private residence had begun to assume the proportions and character of imposition.

Therefore the Country Club was founded, and a most charming club it was, simple as are all first steps, each member having his locker, the service being of the most primitive character. It was a club to which one could drive, and where one might procure a most excellent dinner if it were bespoken in advance. The house was one of the delightful old Maryland houses, looking out from its hall, which ran through the middle, on an ancient and long-neglected garden, but which, when deftly cleaned, united the charms of antiquity and cultivation. Balls and teas, as well as dinners, were given at the Country Club, which was presided over by Secretary Endicott, who brought the solemn courtliness of Salem into the generous and hospitable atmosphere of an old-fashioned Maryland family mansion.

But soon the Country Club was altogether too simple and primitive, in a way too slow, for the new blood that came rushing into what had been a most unenterprising city, to whose people ten years ago a breakfast, a tea, a dinner, and an evening reception, with now and then a trip down the Potomac for the entertainment of a few pagan special envoys, constituted all the social enjoyments. The inventive genius that had variegated the amusements of Newport and other summer resorts of the country was bound to make its appearance at Washington as soon as the capital city was sought after by the pilgrims of pleasure.

And the result of the restless longing for something to do that other people were not doing led to the establishment of a new club further out from Washington, and also housed in an old Maryland home. Here was a real country club, with paddocks, stables, and a kennel. The active leading spirits of the organization were men who loved horses, who kept hunters and jumpers. The institution bred and fostered a cross-country spirit; and while there were no foxes, and the country was about as difficult as any that can be found in the United States, there was a good deal of hard riding, and but very little if any difficulty with the farmers, your Marylander always being a true sporting man. It was the Dumblane Club that gave Mr. Alexandre Gregger, the second secretary of the Russian legation, the opportunity to establish and conduct his famous paper-hunts, in which members of the cabinet used to participate, and which Mrs. Cleveland—then a bride—used to watch from her carriage. There was great sport in those days, when Secretary Whitney rode after the hounds, and when Secretary Bayard, accompanied by his fearless daughters—all admirable horsewomen—led the hunt.

It is a paper-hunt breakfast at the Dumblane of which Mr. Smedley has given us an admirable picture. There have been no recent paper-hunts at the Dumblane; but when the capital puts on its winter glories, there are sumptuous four-in-hand parties, and there is much hunting going on, some of it formal, and very much of it extemporized. Indeed, it is about as easy to get up a hunt in Washington during the winter as it is in the sporting valley of Geneseo.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

ECUMENICAL METHODISM IN COUNCIL.

BY H. K. CARROLL.

When Pope Pius IX. summoned the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church from all parts of the inhabitable world to meet in council in Rome, it was known as an Ecumenical Council. When the Methodists summoned representatives of their name from most of the quarters of the globe, they called the conference, which met in London in 1881, an Ecumenical Conference, still further distinguishing it as the Ecumenical *Methodist* Conference. The second conference of this order is to be held in Washington, October 7th–20th; and if it is not ecumenical in the largest sense of the word, still it will represent every branch of Methodism, and therefore every country in which Methodism has an organized existence.

There will be delegates, of course, from the Church which John Wesley founded, elected by the Annual Conference which he established, and over which he presided as long as he lived, with representatives from a number of branches which have come into existence since the great apostle passed away. These bodies represent a compact and vigorous Methodism in England and Ireland, and a vigorous missionary Methodism in many foreign countries. There will also be delegates from the West Indies and from Africa, as well as from Australia, where the work begun as a mission by the Wesleyan Conference has risen to the power and dignity of an independent organization, with a General Conference of its own, and with educational institutions and boards of domestic and foreign missions. Some of the other Methodist bodies in Great Britain are also represented in Australia, and they, too, will send delegates to Washington. From over the sea will come also representatives of the Wesleyan Conference in France.

A man would require all the fingers of both hands to count all the Methodist branches which exist beyond the sea, and the fingers of four hands would not suffice to enumerate the branches into which the Methodism of America is divided. It would be bewildering to the ordinary reader to parade before him the names of all these branches, beginning with the Methodist Episcopal Church, the parent body, owning in turn as its parent the Wesleyan body of Great Britain; the Methodist Episcopal Church South; the African Methodist Episcopal Church; the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church; the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church; the Union American Methodist Episcopal Church; and the dozen or more of other Methodist Churches which do not embrace the word "episcopal" in their title. All these Churches will have delegates in the Conference which meets in Washington, and together they represent a Methodism which counts its members by millions, which is propagating itself in almost every mission field in the world, and which is doing an evangelistic and educational work truly vast in its extent and results.

When the late Pope summoned the memorable Ecumenical Council in Rome, it was for a definite purpose. What is the definite purpose of the Ecumenical Methodist Conference? It is not to declare any dogma, or to adopt any policy of administration, nor is it either for consolidation or confederation. It is simply to discuss questions which are of common interest to all Methodists as Christians, to manifest the unity of Methodism, to enjoy a personal social communion, and to draw closer the ties of denominational fellowship. In other words, it is of the same general character as the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which is designed to bring together in conference all the Churches of the Reformed faith holding the Presbyterial system, and as the International Congregational Council which met recently in London, and in which was represented the Congregationalism of the world. The movement toward an expression of Christian unity, which was begun when the Evangelical Alliance was organized, and which is manifested in almost every city or town of considerable size in the country in Young Men's Christian Associations, has in Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist alliances taken a denominational form, and it is not unlikely that the example will be followed by the Baptists. This movement is a signal illustration of the tendency in the last quarter of a century toward a coming together of the various divisions of Evangelical Protestantism.

It has required nearly a year to complete arrangements for the Conference. This work has been conducted by an executive committee divided into two sections—the Eastern section representing the Churches of Great Britain, Europe, and Australia, and the Western section consisting of representatives of the Methodist branches in America. The programme and the rules for the government of the Conference were first drafted, and then passed back and forth across the Atlantic between the two sections, receiving at every transit alterations and amendments until a final agreement was reached. Working under this difficulty, and being enabled to compare views only by correspondence, it is not strange that nearly a year has been required to adjust all differences of views and to secure a satisfactory result. Among the men on this side of the water who have given the most time and attention to this delicate task are Bishop John F. Hurst, of Washington; the Rev. John W. Hamilton, D.D., of East Boston; and the Rev. James M. King, D.D., of this city. Bishop Hurst has served as chairman to both the executive and programme committees, and will deliver the address of welcome to the delegates at Washington. Drs. Hamilton and King have together conducted the correspondence with the British brethren, and have held the laboring oars. Much of the success of the Conference will be due to their efforts.

Among the more notable men elected to represent foreign constituencies are the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, D.D., president of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Great Britain, a position of the highest honor, carrying with it special privileges and responsibilities; the Rev. William Arthur, an ex-president, but with an even greater title to the respect and esteem of his brethren in his scholarly acquirements, in his lovely personal character, and in the spiritual enrichment which his *Tongue of Fire* and other writings have given his numerous readers. He has the reputation of being a strong and earnest preacher. He was invited to deliver the sermon at the opening of the Conference. It will be a disappointment to many to learn that though he is in this country, and will attend the Conference, he feels that his strength is hardly equal to the delivery of the discourse, which will be read by President Stephenson. Mr. Arthur begins to feel the weight of years. He was a member of the first Ecumenical Conference, and charmed those who attended it by the ease with which he acted as interpreter for both Italian and French speakers.

One of the best-known Englishmen in the company from abroad, a Welshman by birth, is Hugh Price Hughes, the leader of what is known as the "Forward Movement" in London, and the editor of the London *Methodist*. The "Forward Movement" is described as an energetic effort to establish Christian socialism of the spiritual type among the masses in London; to give them the gospel of love, and regenerate them socially as well as religiously. Services are held in large halls, and fine music is one of the attractions. The movement has had, it is said, a phenomenal success. Mr. Hughes is in great demand as a preacher and speaker, and will be heard in nearly all our cities besides Washington.

The Wesleyan Conference in France chose its president, M. Lelievre, D.D., as a delegate. He is the most distinguished Wesleyan in France. From Australia comes a large delegation, including among its laymen no less a personage than Chief Justice S. J. Way, of South Australia. The editor of the *Contemporary Review*, Percy W. Bunting, is one of the English Wesleyan delegates, and has a place in the programme. Presidents of the conferences of the various Methodist bodies in Great Britain are also to be in attendance at Washington, and it may be said that those who see the foreign delegates in Washington will see the chief men of foreign Methodism.

Among the representatives of the one Methodist Church in Canada (there are but few congregations not embraced within it) Dr. A. Carman must be mentioned. He is at present the sole General Superintendent of the Church. He gave up the title of bishop when his Church entered into the compact which made all Methodist bodies in Canada one, but he retains the essential duties of the episcopate in his present office.

The Conference-room in Washington, the spacious metropolitan church of which Dr. George H. Corey is pastor, will be a good place to get a view of the collective episcopate of American Methodism. The entire boards of bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, have been elected delegates, though some of them will doubtless not be able to attend. Four of the five distinctively colored Churches are Episcopal, and bishops are also among their delegates. These colored Churches have some strong and notable men. Bishop D. A. Payne, now very aged, is no mean scholar; Bishop Tanner is a polished and vigorous writer; Bishop Arnett, Bishop Hood, and Bishop Harris are distinguished for their administrative ability; and Dr. J. C. Price has a wide reputation as an orator.

Men of various countries and different races will help to give the Conference an ecumenical character, and the enterprise of the American press will give its proceedings a wider currency than those of the first conference in 1881 obtained by the aid of London journalism.

THE JEWS OF NEW YORK CITY.

(*Continued from page 774.*)

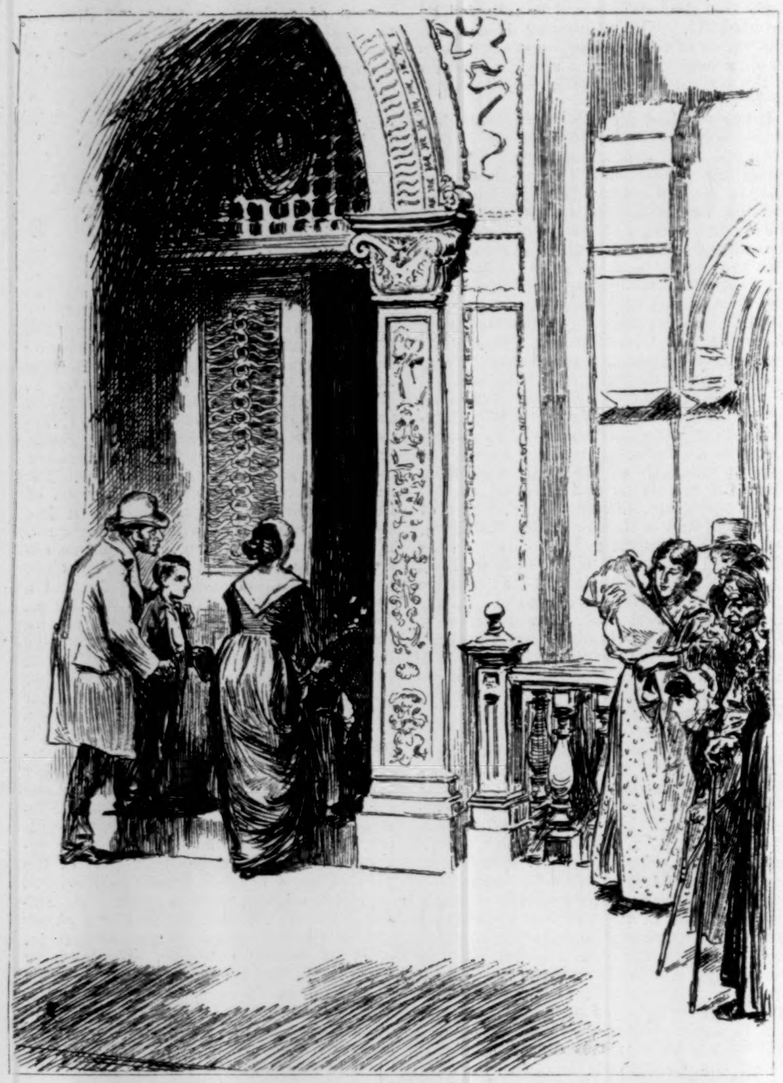
ties of women are formed in connection with every institution, who interest themselves in the personal welfare of the inmates, and who provide for the household economy in many useful ways. They have entire charge of the kindergartens of the Hebrew Free Schools; they manage the Young Women's Hebrew Association, with objects similar to the Y. W. C. A. They form useful organizations among themselves for charitable work, like the Young Ladies' Charitable Sewing Society. They are attached as Ladies' Benevolent Societies to some of the congregations. Recently a movement to start a Sisterhood of Personal Service was begun, and it has spread to several of the larger synagogues. It is officered by women, and under its auspices a day nursery, a working-girls' club, personal visitation among the poor, and a kindergarten are carried on. An Emma Lazarus Working Club is a useful society for working-girls, established and managed by women. The Louis Down-town Schools, founded by Mrs. M. D. Louis, and under her guidance, with a number of women aids, for over ten years, is a good example of womanly energy and devotion. Two hundred and fifty girls are given a warm dinner and receive religious instruction every Saturday afternoon at the home in Henry Street, while classes are held on the week-days for the instruction of older girls in sewing, embroidery, designing, dress-making, etc. The co-operation of women has been part of the plan of the United Hebrew Charities, and they have a direct voice in affairs. A Children's Flower Mission, founded by a young girl, and participated in by girls of her age, is in flourishing existence. Women may not vote in the synagogue, but they exert their influence in every sphere of activity, and in due time they will assume a still more prominent position, with every advantage to American Judaism. They are destined to be the teachers of the young, and will make their mark on the literature and thought of their age. The most readable contributors to the Jewish press are women. Some of the most successful teachers in the Hebrew Free Schools are graduates of the Normal College. The Mount Sinai Training School for Nurses was founded and is managed by women.

THE ORDERS AND CLUBS.

A number of secret orders and fraternities flourish among the Jews of New York, whose main purposes are benevolent and social. The largest is the "B'nai B'rith" or "Sons of the Covenant." Others are called "Free Sons of Israel," "Kesher Shel Barzel," "Sons of Benjamin," "Sons of Abraham," "Free Sons of Judah," etc. The "B'nai B'rith" number nearly 30,000 members, extending over the United States, and with branches in Europe. They distribute about two and a half millions yearly in charitable and educational work. Their endowment fund has paid out during the past decade nearly four millions for the benefit of the widows or heirs of deceased brethren. The order maintains institutions of charity throughout the country. In this city it supports a free circulating library, the Maimonides Library, with 30,000 volumes. The New York district can point to a home at Yonkers, which shelters about 70 inmates, for the aged and infirm members of the order and their wives. It cost $150,000 to erect and furnish.

New York's clubs can show few more elegant than the Progress, the Harmonie, and the Freundschaft, which, with the Fidelio and the Metropolitan, comprise the largest and best-known Jewish clubs. The three first named have magnificent club-houses especially erected for them at a combined cost of not far from two millions. In their arrangements and tendencies they do not differ from other clubs of their class. They have their critics who claim that club life fosters extravagance and dissipation, and that club amusements are the reverse of intellectual. The club, however, seems a part of our latter-day civilization, and it is certainly to the credit of the Jewish clubs that women share in their pleasures. While membership is restricted to men, wives and daughters and sweethearts attend the entertainments. Usually a library is attached; reading and dramatic circles and bowling and athletic classes are formed. A loan art exhibition is annually held, and musical concerts given from time to time. The membership of the Freundschaft, Progress, and Harmonie is not far from 2000.

One organization, the Purim Association, which is a club without a club-house, has had a unique history. It has given a ball on Purim (February–March) for nearly thirty years for the benefit of various charities. Its old-time masquerades were models of propriety and sociability; the total amount it has netted for benevolence—not for Jewish institutions alone—has probably exceeded $275,000.



THE DISPENSARY OF MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

The new currents of the time that have developed New York of the past into the present metropolis have had their natural effect on the social and religious customs of the Jews. A certain picturesqueness, which gave a peculiar halo and beauty to old-time Jewish life, has vanished in the stir and bustle of this elevated age. The historic festivals used to possess a special atmosphere. and their charming and poetic associations aided powerfully in maintaining family life, and developing an æsthetic as well as religious influence. Sabbath eve in a truly pious Jewish household was a poem in itself, a family reunion, a religious thanksgiving, a pæan of joy, in which old and young alike participated. Its scenes have inspired many a Jewish poet, and furnished Heine with the subject of one of his most characteristic poems. The Jewish wedding of a few decades ago possessed all of its quaint Oriental features. The special festivals, like Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles, were fragrant with their traditional ceremonies, while Purim rejoiced the Jewish heart with its merriment and good cheer, and the Feast of Dedication, in honor of the victories of the Maccabees, occurring near Christmas, was crowned with games and gifts. In those decades, too, the Jews were few in number, and lived within easy distance of each other, so that the community was like a large family.

With the new conditions a good deal of traditional Judaism has passed away; but, on the other hand, a larger and more bountiful benevolence, a broader and more helpful education, can be seen. The ritual has been shortened, the religious worship improved, organ and choir have been generally introduced, and German and English substituted for some of the Hebrew prayers. The old congregation, with women in the galleries and the men below, wrapped in white praying mantles, is not met so often any more. The appearance of a fashionable synagogue or temple does not differ materially from that of a fashionable church, nor does the fashionable Jew or Jewess differ socially from the fashionable non-Jew or non-Jewess. It is chiefly among the recently arrived immigrants that so-called orthodox customs are at their strongest, to become weaker with every generation, and finally, perhaps, to pass away.

HEBREWS OF NOTE.

Jacob H. Schiff, the well-known banker, is probably the most benevolent Israelite in the community. He was formerly a member of the Board of Education. His wife is one of the executive board of Barnard College. His gifts to charity are many and constant, and not restricted to his own creed. His latest large benefaction was $10,000 for a Semitic Museum at Harvard College. He is about forty-five years of age. He is president of the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, and one of the officers of the Baron de Hirsch Trust.

Jesse Seligman, president of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, is known as a representative banker, a prominent member of the Union League, a stanch patriot, and a cultured and courteous gentleman. He is about sixty years of age.

James H. Hoffman, a thoughtful and philanthropic German American, is president of the Hebrew Technical Institute.

Henry Rice, who presides over the United Hebrew Charities, is widely known in the dry-goods district.

Myer S. Isaacs, who was appointed Judge of the Marine Court by Governor Cornell, presides over the Hebrew Free Schools and the Baron de Hirsch Trust.

Hyman Blum finds time, despite his mercantile interests, to act as president of the Mount Sinai Hospital. He is vice-president of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association.

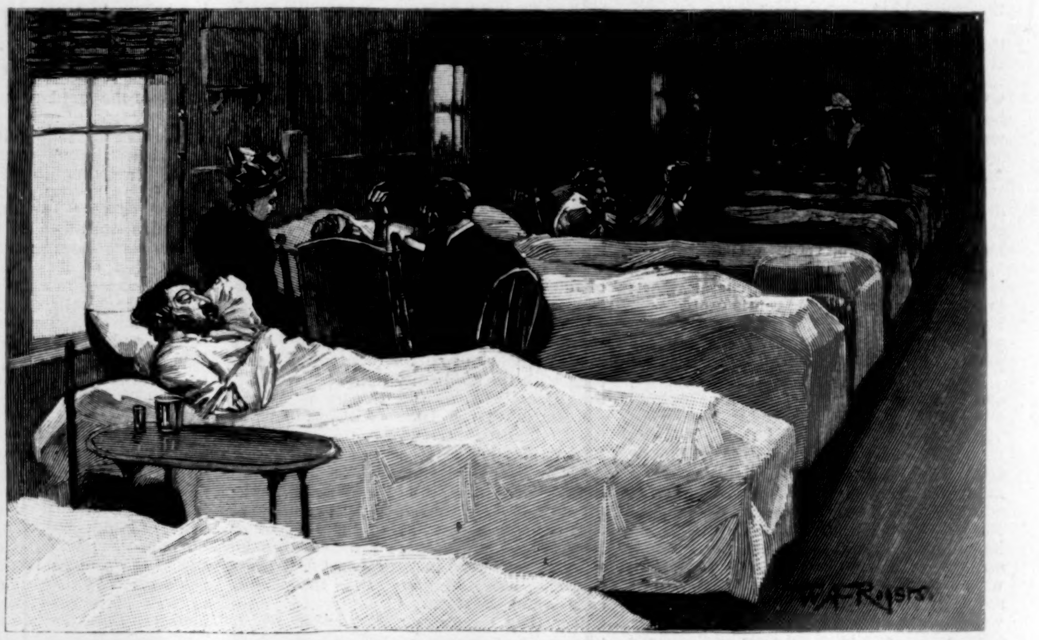
Charles L. Bernheim, the clothier, is president of the Home for Aged and Infirm, and a trustee of Temple Emanu El.

Joseph Blumenthal, whose voice is heard in the State Legislature, is president of the Y. M. H. A., the Jewish Theological Association, and one of the founders and first president of the Sanitary Aid Society.

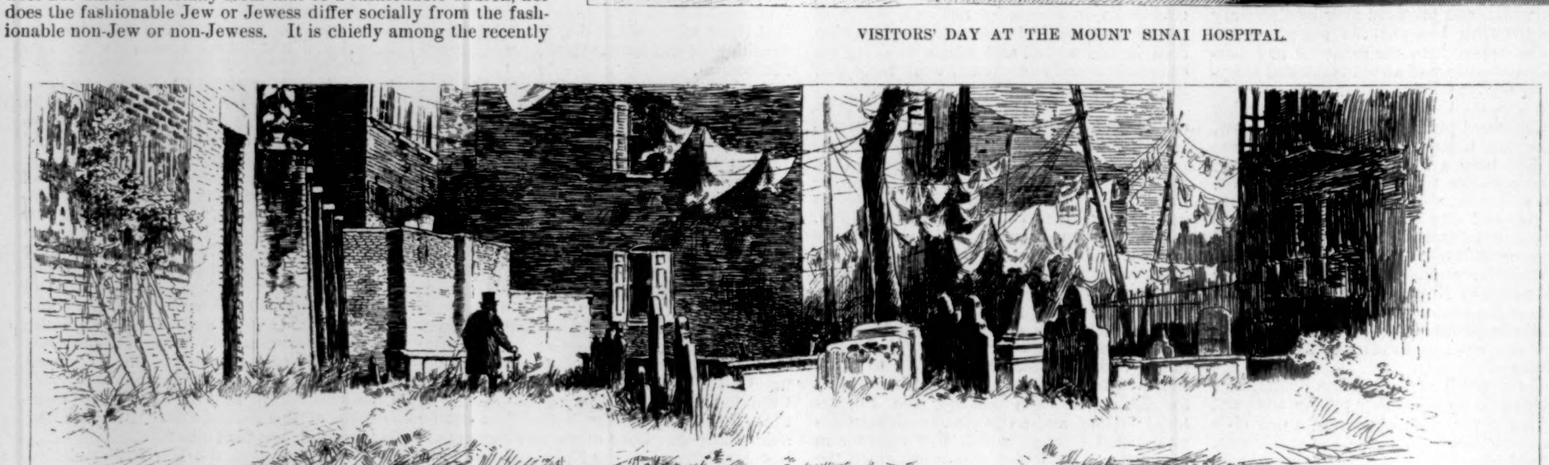
Mrs. M. D. Louis, who is identified with the education of destitute Jewish girls, is of Southern birth, and a graceful writer, judged by her contributions to the Jewish press.

Among the best-known Jewish clergymen are Gustav Gottheil, Henry S. Jacobs, who received the degree of D.D. last year from the New York University, Alexander Kohut, K. Kohler, Henry P. Mendes, and Raphael Benjamin. In the professor's chair may be mentioned Woolf and Werner, of the College of New York; Adolph Cohn, E. R. A. Seligman, and Richard Gottheil, of Columbia; the New York University decades ago called Isaac Nordheimer to its Hebrew chair, and shows still the same broad spirit. It is difficult to enumerate prominent names in law, medicine, and surgery, the list is so large. In literature there are but few; another decade will see the Jews better represented. In philanthropy Felix Adler, who is a graduate of Columbia, has achieved more than a local reputation. In art Constant Mayer's graceful creations have acquired fame, George D. M. Peixotto's portraits are esteemed, Jaques Reich's vignettes and etchings show strength, M. Angelo Woolf's caricatures are irresistibly comic, and Albert Sterner's designs are singularly effective. In education Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer was largely instrumental in the founding of Barnard College. Among the prominent members of Sorosis are Mrs. Henry Herrman, Mrs. Lee C. Harby, and Mrs. Septima Collis. Miss Julia Richman is principal of a public school. Among the School Commissioners are Randolph Guggenheimer and Adolph L. Sanger. On the bench are Judges Ehrlich and Newburger. Coroner Ferdinand Levy takes an active interest in Jewish benevolent matters. Jacob A. Cantor is prominent among the politicians. Oscar S. Strauss, formerly United States Minister to Turkey, is a member of the Baron de Hirsch Trust. Comptroller Theodore W. Myers is a member in good standing of the synagogue. Among the younger architects Arnold W. Brunner has won a deserved reputation.

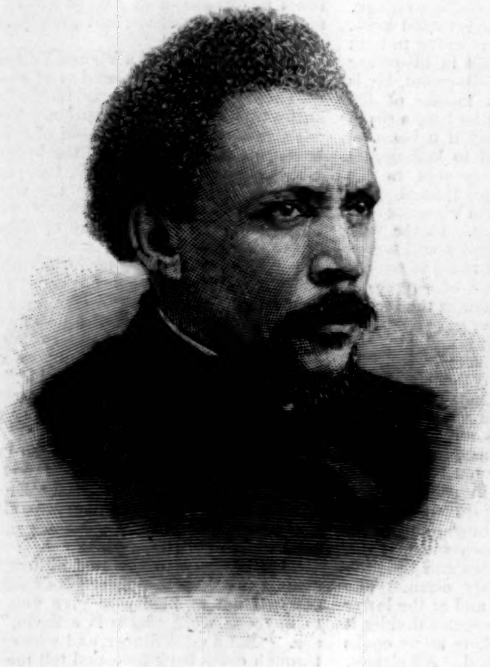
The Jews of New York have no reason to be ashamed of their record. They take pride in the city whose prosperity they strive to advance, and whose best interests they gladly serve. The results of what is really only a few decades of active and intelligent effort are sufficient to indicate the achievements of the future, which will keep in line with the growth and development of New York and the progress of every denomination. Education and self-help are the watchwords of the Jewish community. To provide for their own and to lend aid to the suffering and needy, without distinction of creed, will continue to be the guiding principle. There are doubtless some vexatious problems to be solved, chiefly connected with the stream of immigration and the overcrowding of certain trades and localities. Jewish leaders realize the situation, and sober and judicious action will not be long deferred.



VISITORS' DAY AT THE MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL.



THE OLD HEBREW CEMETERY AT CHATHAM SQUARE.



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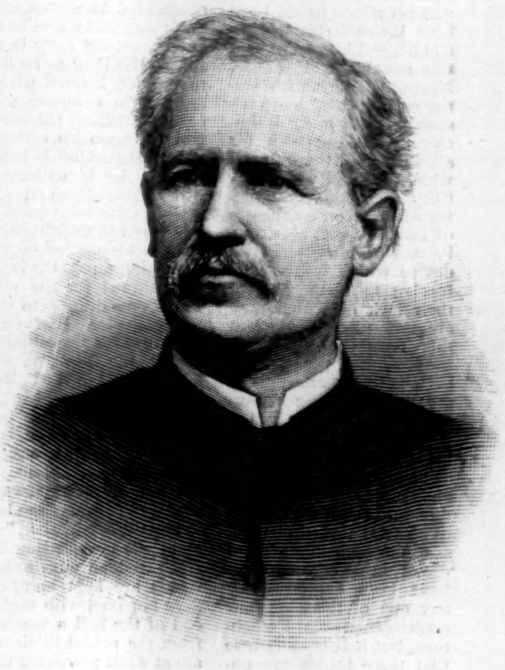

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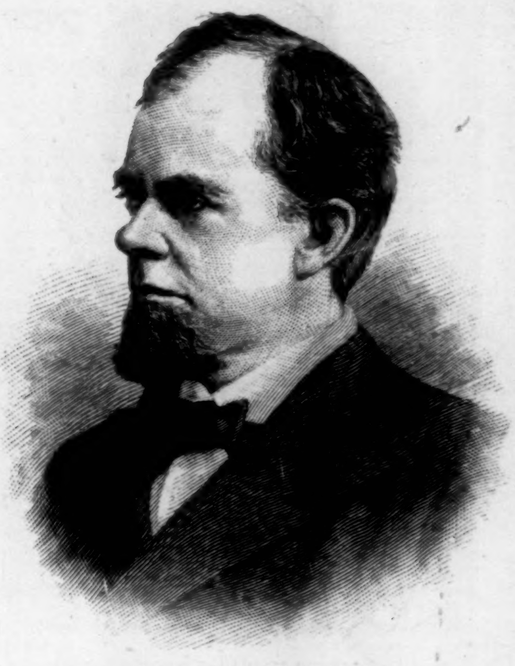

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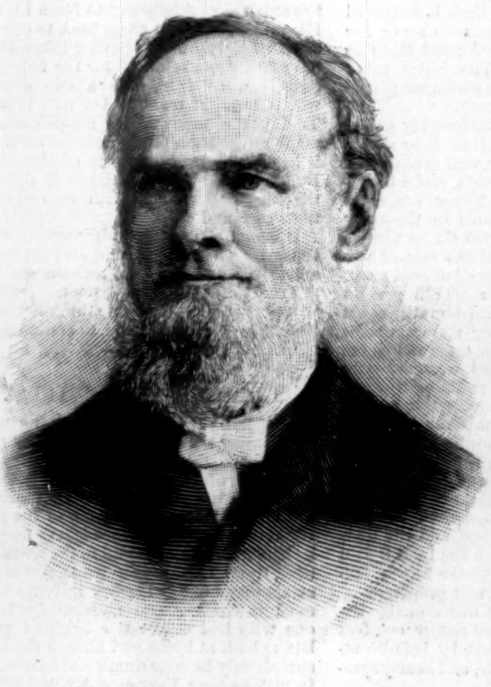
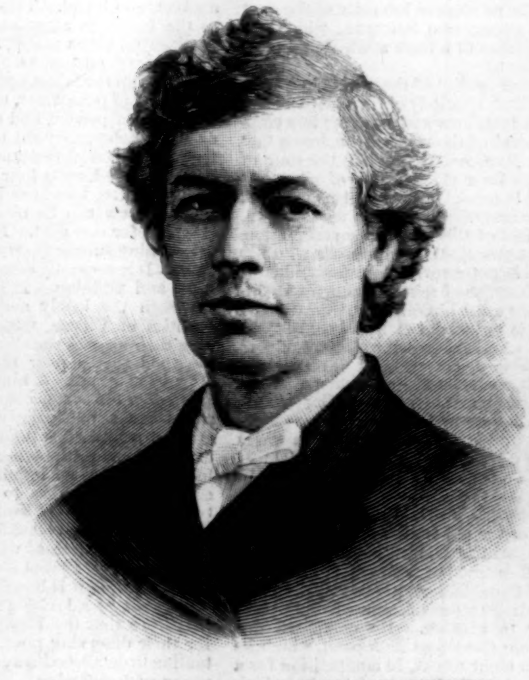


REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A., LONDON.



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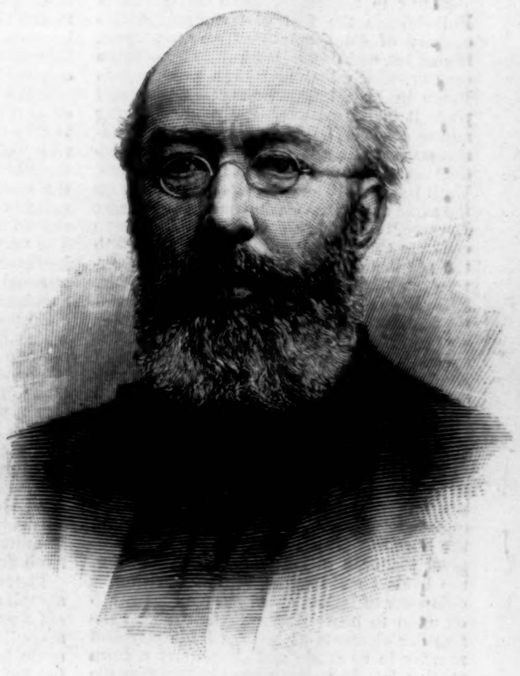

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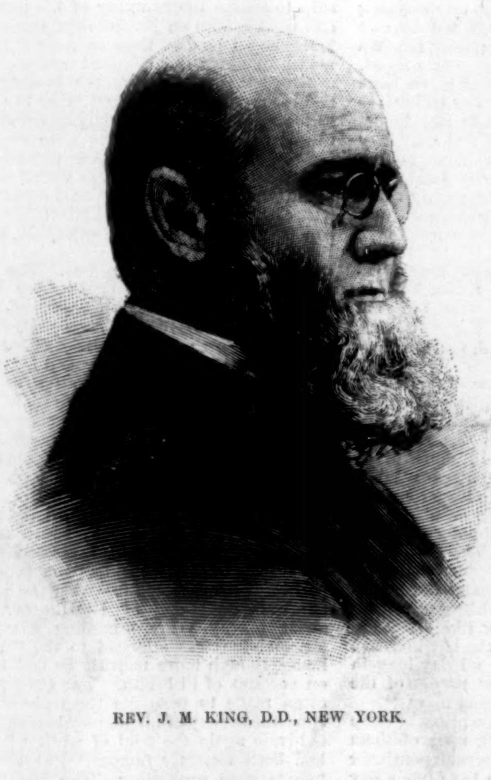
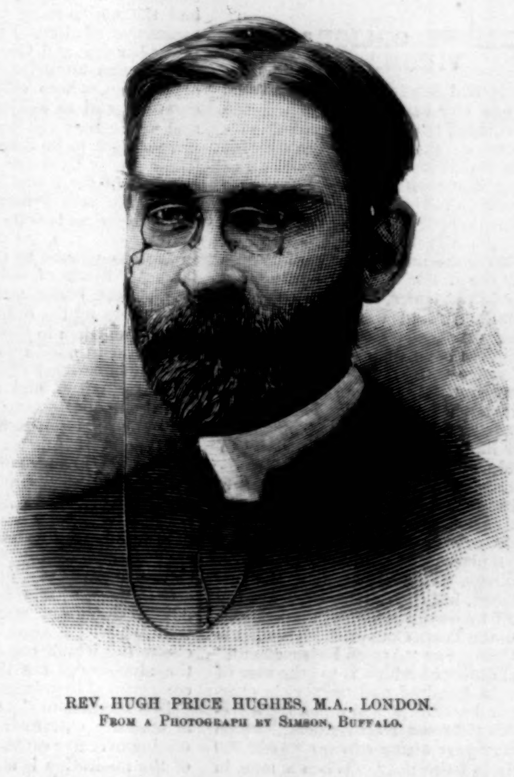
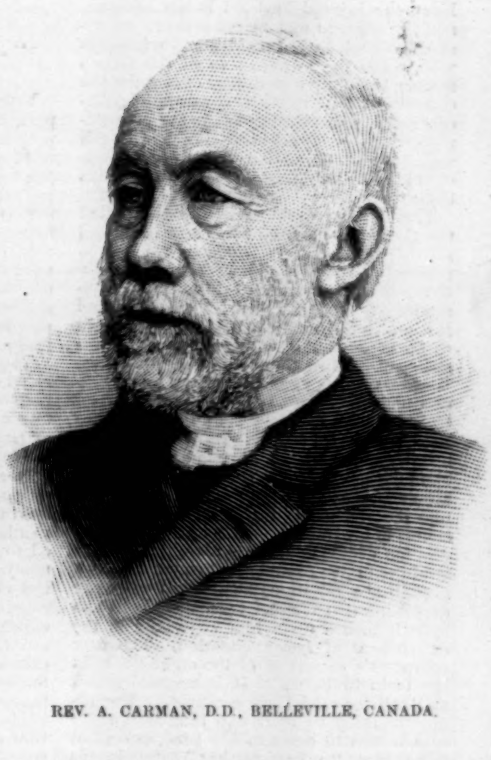


REV. J. M. KING, D.D., NEW YORK.



REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A., LONDON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMSON, BUFFALO.



REV. A. CARMAN, D.D., BELLEVILLE, CANADA.

PROMINENT DELEGATES TO THE SECOND ECUMENICAL METHODIST CONFERENCE, AT WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

PIETRO MASCAGNI, THE COMPOSER.

PIETRO MASCAGNI.

EARLY in September there was given in Philadelphia the first performance in this country of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, an opera in one act, and occupying but an hour and a quarter, which had first been produced in Rome in May, 1890. From that time and place it had gone over Europe, conquering and to conquer, the most extensive and sudden success of a new composer since the production of Gounod's *Faust* thirty years ago. Until last week, when the work was given on the same day at the Casino and at the Lenox Lyceum, the opportunity of New-Yorkers to estimate the new opera had been limited to the production of a series of orchestral extracts and adaptations from it given by Mr. Seidl in his admirable series of concerts at the Madison Square Garden. The selection was given very early in the season, and the success of the music with the music-lovers of New York was so immediate and so pronounced that it was very often repeated, and towards the close of the season found a place on the programme of every concert, and was always very heartily received.

This fact shows that the success of *Cavalleria Rusticana* is purely a musical success; but indeed nobody could doubt that after once hearing the opera or even once reading the libretto. This work entitles itself, with great justice, a melodrama, and it is one of the baldest melodramas into which even a composer of Italian opera has ever been called upon to infuse interest. It contains the familiar elements of love and jealousy and murder in as crude and elementary a form as that in which these are exhibited in the domestic complications of our own Italian population that are from time to time brought to the attention of our criminal courts. The villain is the tenor in right of being also the lover, the injured husband is the baritone, and the soprano and mezzo-soprano are respectively a betrayed maiden and a faithless wife, while the introduction of the tenor's mother is wholly superfluous except for the convention that requires a contralto. Another convention is observed in the promptitude with which the chorus, always lying in wait just around the corner, appears, irrespective of probability, whenever it happens to be wanted.

These things would suffice to indicate that the theories of Richard Wagner have had no influence upon Pietro Mascagni, and in point of fact they have not. *Cavalleria Rusticana* is as far as possible from being a music-drama. It is a naked Italian opera, and it is not in the least ashamed. The attempt to identify with "leading motives," in the stringent and systematic sense in which Wagner uses them, the occasional recurrence of a melodic phrase, as that device was used by composers of opera before Wagner was born, is altogether futile. It is not surprising that Wagner's theories have had no influence upon Mascagni, for Mascagni's music does not suggest that he has ever spent five minutes theorizing about dramatic music in the course of his short life, while during the composition of this opera it is plain that he was too intent upon producing such music to ask himself any questions about it. It is more surprising that Wagner's practice has had so little influence upon him, especially in the department of instrumentation. The new composer's treatment of the orchestra is in the main traditional. It is unusually rich and full for an Italian composer. The orchestra is by no means to him, as Wagner said it was to some of his predecessors in popularity, "a large guitar." But in his treatment of the orchestra he owes very much less to Wagner than to the great symphonic writers, and what is true of his instrumentation is true of his harmonies. It is evident from these that he is a highly trained musician. Beethoven is reported to have said of Rossini that his music would have been better if his teacher had flogged him more, and this could not be said of Mascagni either with justice or with enough of verisimilitude to make it humorous. Along with his abounding tunefulness, which in felicity and fertility rivals the most taking of the older composers of Italian opera, he exhibits a wealth of technical device which was wholly foreign to them, and for their lack of which they are now discredited; and this recalls the German masters, and, perhaps, especially Schubert. There are more specific resemblances to Gounod, it may be, than to any German master, and Mascagni is accused of imitating other and more recent French dramatic composers. It is quite true that the whip-snapping song of *Alfio* and the drinking chorus might have been composed by any one of three or four contemporaneous Frenchmen, but it is equally true that these things are unworthy examples of Mascagni's art. They are too trivial and vulgar to be compared with the sweetness and suavity and solemnity of the orchestral prelude and the orchestral intermezzo, or the passionate intensity of the duet between Turiddu and Santuzza, which exhibit two phases of a most marked and most original talent.

It is neither by dint of the unaided and uneducated gift for melody of the older Italians nor by the factitious and more or less claptrap "effects" of the newer Frenchmen that *Cavalleria Rusticana* has made the tour of the world. Its music is, first of all, musical; but it is musicianly as well as musical, and so as acceptable at Berlin as at Milan. The very fact of this immediate acceptation, however, shows that the composer who has attained it is not a revolutionist, a maker of epochs, a founder of schools, an artist so original that he must himself create the taste by which he is enjoyed, but that he has "the talent that pleases us most, which submits to shine with new gracefulness through old forms." It comes not in a questionable but in an unquestionable and familiar shape. And so it is that just when we were all assuring each other that the Italian muse was hopelessly sterile, appears this new child of hers, who sends us home delighted, and humming his melodies as we go, from a new Italian opera, loaded with all the conventions and banalities of the old Italian opera, but with a fresh and thrilling charm that is all its own.

Pietro Mascagni is a native of Leghorn and a pupil of Ponchielli, and is twenty-six years old according to one account—twenty-eight according to another. He composed one opera before *Cavalliera Rusticana*, which he finished in eight weeks, in competition for a prize offered for the best one-act opera, which he won. He has since composed three others, of which one will be produced this season in Berlin.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE" AT VIENNA.

VIENNA is, and has been for many years past, the one city in the world where the poor are provided for in a humane and wise way, and where the difficult problem of helping the indigent without any shade of pauperizing has been solved. There are hardly two hundred persons in the workhouse of this favored town, and this number would undoubtedly be four times as great were it not for the many ingenious devices adopted by the authorities, and the Austrian aristocracy in particular, in order to prevent people temporarily in want from sinking into pauperism.

The Viennese have realized the very decided difference which exists between men reduced to poverty through no fault of their own and men whose destitution is the result of lazy or extravagant habits. They treat the former like fellow-citizens who stand in need of help, and the latter as criminals deserving punishment. In this way numberless families are redeemed from misery, many youths are saved from crime, many men aided to begin new and prosperous lives, and many a foul place purged to moral and physical cleanliness. There is no general poor-rate in Vienna, but each district defrays the expenses of its own pauper population, and attached to the Town Council there is what is called in German an "Armen Departement," the special duties of which is to take care of the poor. A hundred and twenty-six charitable institutions are placed under the direction of this "Armen Departement," which spends every year a sum of over $3,600,000 in the relief of the poor. When a man in Vienna is suddenly reduced to destitution, he can at once apply to the officer in charge of his district, and unless there be something exceptional in his case, he is sent to a casual ward or municipal free lodging-house, where he is provided with a bath, a clean bed, a substantial breakfast, and excellent supper. He is then told where he is likely to find work, and is sent out early in the morning to look for it. So long as he does all in his power to provide himself with employment, he is allowed to continue as an inmate of the casual ward, but the authorities keep a sharp lookout upon his actions, and if it becomes apparent that he is inclined to loafing and laziness, he is without delay sent to the Zwangarbeit-Haus (Hard-labor House).

One of the finest traits of the Viennese aristocrat is his untiring charity. In the year 1872 an association of 400 ladies and noblemen belonging to the loftiest ranks of society was formed for the purpose of supplying wholesome dinners to the poor at the lowest possible price. Each member gave a sum of $300 towards the initial outlay, and with this money the first "Volksküche" (People's Kitchen) was opened. To-day there are ten of those in Vienna, and in the course of the year food is sold in them to the value of more than $500,000. The ladies and gentlemen who manage this superb association have done wonders, and eight or ten ladies make a point of being always in each kitchen whilst the dinners are being served.

The "Volksküchen" are huge rooms, with great windows letting in both sun and air, and provided with oak tables and benches, which are kept scrupulously clean. The floor is paved with marble, and at the lower end of the hall a wooden counter divides it from the actual kitchen, where many cooks are at work preparing the food. All classes, from poor university students to ragged-looking tramps, receive a kindly welcome. Each person approaches the counter and buys a pasteboard chip, or check, for a dinner, generally consisting of soup, beef, vegetables, a sweet, and bread. This check is delivered to the ladies in attendance, who serve the portions on china plates, and hand them to the hungry customers. The latter carry their food to the tables, upon which are placed great jugs of pure water, together with drinking mugs of pewter, and comfortably seated on the benches, they eat to their hearts' content. The complete dinner, well cooked and daintily served, costs four cents, and a breakfast of coffee, bread-and-butter, and some kind of stew can be obtained in the early morning for one cent. From six to nine in the evening supper is served at a cost of two cents. It is generally composed of cold meat, soup, and pudding. It is a touching sight to watch the lovely and aristocratic court beauties of Vienna, wearing snowy aprons over their elegant walking dresses, distribute the food to the poor ill-fed wretches who crowd the room. A kind smile or word of sympathy always accompanies the action, and when a particularly miserable fellow-creature approaches the counter it often occurs that one or the other of these charming ministering angels inquires into his or her case, and undertakes to aid them in their trouble. Every day over ten thousand persons dine in the Volksküchen, and the marvellously low prices at which the food is sold can only be accounted for by the huge quantities in which it is bought and prepared.

It is not by a lavish and unreasonable expenditure that the Viennese secure comfort for their deserving poor, but by infinite attention to detail, endless care, and hearty sympathy with suffering.

The chief duty of the "Armen Departement" is to help old men and women, children, the weak, and the infirm. For this task the nicest discrimination is exercised, and the deserving and the undeserving poor are not by any means treated alike. Each applicant receives his or her due, and vice is never encouraged. The Vienna municipality owns seven large orphanages, where children are trained as carefully and as tenderly as in any home, and where they are made to feel that they have a right to be there as welcome guests. Their young lives are perfectly bright and happy, and their health is constantly cared for, as well as their innocent pleasures.

There are no hospitals in the world where patients receive more skilful treatment than in those supported by the Vienna municipality. All kinds of dainties, fruits, flowers, newspapers, books, and old wine are sent daily there by the orders of Empress Elizabeth, who, when in the capital, visits the hospitals at least once a week.

Many incurable hospitals are supported by private charities, and are distinguished for their humanitarianism; but admirable as this is, the system pursued with regard to the aged poor of Austria is still more to be praised. When men or women have reached the age of seventy, work is no longer expected of them. Every Austrian on his or her seventieth birthday has a right of admittance to a municipal almshouse. These buildings are large and healthy, and are surrounded by extensive gardens. The inmates are at liberty to sleep, walk, receive visitors, or amuse themselves in any way they like; they are well fed, well clothed, and the laughter and chattering which one hears all day long in the almshouses are the best proofs of the comfort and happiness reigning there.

It is needless to say that the prices of these articles are extremely small, none of them costing over five cents, and as each pensioner of the institution is allowed ten cents a day wherewith to buy what he pleases, they can obtain many a dainty at the restaurant, which helps to make them comfortable. This plan of allowing the poor old souls to spend their little allowance as they please is excellent, for the mere fact of having a few cents to dispose of at liberty gives them a sense of independence, and greatly adds to their own self-respect.

Whilst president of a Vienna Volksküche, I had more than one occasion of observing the enormous amount of good results brought on by this charitable institution. To begin with, it creates a kind of bond of sympathy between the aristocracy and the lower classes, a fact not to be despised in this period of socialism. One day during the winter of 1879, Princess J—— and myself were on duty at a Volksküche in the neighborhood of the Graben. Suddenly a man clothed in disreputable rags, and whose forbidding countenance certainly boded no good, roughly pushed his way up to the counter, and addressing himself in a gruff tone of voice to the lovely fair-haired Princess, exclaimed,

"I've got no money, so I suppose I'd better get out again, and starve outside."

"It is against the rules of—" began the Princess. But without allowing her to proceed, the poor wretch continued:

"It's against the rules to feed the hungry, is it, when they can't pay for food? Fine charity this, invented by cursed aristocrats."

With these words the man was about to turn away, when Princess J—— gently put her hand on his arm, saying:

"I was about to say that although it is against the rules to deliver goods without a check, I am at liberty to give you money to buy one with. Here is a florin," added she. "Eat a good dinner, and when you are through come back here, and tell me what I can do to help you out of troubles which I see have thoroughly imbittered you."

For a moment the man looked at the Princess with boundless astonishment; then, with some muttered words of apology, he walked towards the cashier's box to fetch his check. His dinner eaten, he came back to our counter, and Princess J——, having taken him into the small room reserved for the lady patronesses, elicited from him a tale of misery which brought tears to her soft blue eyes. To-day the man whose acquaintance she made under such unfavorable circumstances is head gamekeeper on one of her estates in Bohemia, and is body and soul devoted to the kind-hearted aristocrat who saved him from ruin and despair.

It is a subject of astonishment to me that the great cities of the Old and New worlds should not adopt the Viennese system for the relief of the deserving poor. It certainly would prove the greatest stumbling-block to theorizing democrats and to communards of all nationalities.

M. DE F.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

THE name of Herman Melville will not suggest any note of interest to many readers, but it none the less recalls the career of a man of brilliant genius, who practically retired from the pursuit of letters a quarter of a century since, in the prime of his powers. His recent death therefore leaves no gap, for he had made himself dead to the world a long time, though there were some spasmodic reawakenings of his literary impulse. It is a most interesting and melancholy fact that one who had achieved a brilliant place in letters both at home and abroad should have so suddenly become dumb and barren. Born in 1819, in New York city, Mr. Melville spent a portion of his earlier manhood as a sailor before the mast. It was while he was on a whaling cruise in the Pacific that he left his ship to escape the brutality of his captain, and went ashore on Nookaheeva, one of the Marquesas Islands. Here he lived for four months among the cannibal natives. He also spent some time in the Society and Sandwich islands before returning to civilization, and out of the material gleaned among the paradises of the Pacific were wrought the two books, *Typee* and *Omoo*, published in 1846–7 by Harper & Brothers, which almost at once gave him an international reputation. These records of travel and adventure were so unique in their style and substance, so delightfully written, as to have stamped at once the individuality of his genius. The most important of his other books were *White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War; Moby Dick, or the White Whale; Pierre, or the Ambiguities; Israel Potter; The Piazza Tales; The Confidence Man;* and a volume of poems published the year after the close of the war. After 1866 Mr. Melville withdrew from the world, and lived in the strictest seclusion, prompted perhaps by natural melancholy of temperament, and his anger possibly at the bitter and persistent attacks of the critics consequent on the publication of *Pierre*. In 1847 he married a daughter of Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, and made his home at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, from 1850 to 1862—the more considerable portion of his literary life—where he became the intimate friend of Hawthorne. For about twenty years preceding his death Mr. Melville was attached to the Custom-house, though more recently he had retired on account of ill health. The attempt was often made to persuade the recluse to re-enter the society of his literary brethren, and cultivate again the field of work where he had been formerly famous. But these attempts were unavailing. The last flickerings of his genius were in two books published for private circulation—*John Marr*, dedicated to Clark Russell, and a volume of verse, *Timolean*, dedicated to Elihu Vedder.

AMATEUR · SPORT

THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS decided at St. Louis, October 3d, under the auspices of the Pastime Athletic Club, were, so far as the records go, the least noteworthy ever given by the Amateur Athletic Union. Athletes never had less encouraging figures to reward their efforts. The spectators, however, were favored, as all the contests were interesting, and several of them close and exciting. Two innovations marked the meeting—the use of electrical timing supplementary to watches, and a mile track. The electrical timing was highly successful in every respect, but the huge running track really took much of the interest from the contests. Without glasses it was impossible to follow the men closely in any of the runs longer than the quarter, and one lost all the sport of the race. It is safe to say that a similar experiment will not again be made. A quarter-mile straight-away is very desirable where we have two cracks in a race likely to be a record-breaker, but not otherwise. The arrangements made for the electrical timing were complete, and reflected great credit on Mr. Alfred Ramel, the inventor, and on Dr. A. N. Ravold, his co-laborer in the field of science.

WHETHER ELECTRICAL TIMING will ever become the accepted method is doubtful, simply because it would entail the erection on all grounds where such timing was to be done of poles and lines and a house for the apparatus. Especially doubtful is its adoption since the experiment on Saturday proved conclusively the trustworthiness of watches when in experienced hands. Throughout the entire programme the time returned by Messrs. C. C. Hughes, J. Abeel, and R. Stoll differed so little from that of Mr. Ramel's electrical recorder as to make them practically the same. Electrical timing is unquestionably accurate, but it is also elaborate in its workings, and since the apparatus cannot be carried about readily and set up at all games, it is not likely to be used officially at any. It would be necessary, of course, to use it universally, else a woful entanglement of records would ensue.

THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB, or, more correctly speaking, its president, A. D. Hartwell, made the very best use of the material on hand to further the success of the meeting. The track was very bad, the worst on which a championship has ever been decided in this country, but it was the only one in St. Louis. Many details could have been improved upon, but, on the whole, the meeting was successful, and the P. A. C. workers are to be commended for the smoothness with which their first big effort passed off. There were fully 5000 spectators in the immense grand stand, and the particularly pleasing feature was the presence of quality as well as quantity, the boxes bringing to mind our Eastern college games' attendance. Apropos of this, some of my arguments against Sunday games in the West, in reply to the assertion that the "best people in the West" were to be seen on such occasions, may be recalled. The "best people in the West" are as much opposed to Sunday games as the same class in the East, and it is utterly absurd to think otherwise. It was the greatest athletic event ever held in St. Louis, and the first time its "best people" had the opportunity of witnessing an exhibition of amateur athletics.

WITHOUT HAVING SEEN the contests it is impossible to appreciate the excellence of individual performance in each event. The times were only fair, but the track was slow and killing. The sprints were the closest contests of the day. The 100 yards was decided in one heat, with Cary, M. A. C., Jewett, D. A. C., Vredenburgh, N. Y. A. C., Metcalf, P. A. C., Swain, M. A. C., and Skillinger, Michigan A. C., finishing in the order named in 10⅕ seconds; electrical time, $10\frac{28}{100}$. Many believed Jewett would defeat Cary, but not those who knew Cary well. He took the lead, and was never headed, though Jewett made a desperate effort, and succeeded in getting within a foot of him on the tape, with Vredenburgh coming strong not two feet away. Swain, who is destined to become one of our fastest sprinters, was untrained and soft, and ran more to encourage his clubmate, Cary, than with any hope of scoring. The time of this race on a good track would have been 10 seconds, if not less.

SUCH A 220-YARD FLAT RACE has not been seen in many a day. Jewett was thought to be the most likely winner, and, indeed, at one time he had the lead, but Cary went into the race with that dogged determination which has won him many a hard contest, and putting on steam, finally won by a yard from Vredenburgh, with Jewett not six inches away in third, and Swain fourth. The effort made by the three first men would, on a fast track, have come very close to establishing a record in place of the 22⅘ returned (electrical time, $22\frac{86}{100}$). Cary and Jewett were completely used up, the former having run the last twenty yards on sheer pluck, actually staggering across the tape, while the latter fell immediately he was over it. Jewett made a great effort, but, for some unaccountable reason, the race supposed to be his best proved his worst. Vredenburgh ran in fine form, finishing strong, and closing on Cary rapidly; in ten yards—yes, in five yards—more he would have secured first honors.

THE WINNER OF THE QUARTER-MILE race was known before the men went on to the track. Three weeks ago the race between Downs, N. Y. A. C., and Remington, M. A. C., in the championship quarter, was looked forward to as one of the great events of the athletic year. Ten days ago the winning of Downs was conceded to be a foregone conclusion. Remington's defeat of Downs at the M. A. C. games, September 19th, appeared to have an unwholesome effect on him. Judging by his actions in disregarding all laws of training, he fancied he was the only quarter man in the country; he was run to a standstill and beaten by Downs in Toronto, and Saturday Downs again won from him handily by two yards in 51 seconds ($51\frac{11}{100}$ electric), and with some steam in reserve. Remington has it in him to make a great quarter-miler, as this column has said many times, when he has fully realized two important facts: First, that a race is never won until the tape is crossed; and second, consistent training is absolutely essential to good performance. A beer diet and a large head are powerful antidotes to a winning pace. Cochrane ran an excellent race in this quarter, finishing third by about three yards; while Turner, who finished a bad fourth, ran in very poor judgment, a fact clearly proven by his leading the field about fifty yards from home. Ambition is commendable, but judgment in foot-racing is better. Turner is plucky, and, trained for either event, will push either Dohm or Downs closer than any other man in the country. He will be heard from at the next Intercollegiate championships.

IT IS MOST UNFORTUNATE that Dohm should not have had a fine track in the half for another go at the world's record, 1 minute 54⅗ seconds. He may not be in such magnificent form another year, and there is no doubt in my mind that with conditions favorable he can lower his own record half a second, and establish the world's at 1 minute 54 seconds. At the time he made 1 minute 54½ seconds (September 19, '91), he was interfered with sufficiently to lose him at least a second, otherwise he would have made the world's record then and there. So far as winning was concerned, he had an easy time of it Saturday, but he probably never worked harder to reach 2 minutes 4⅕ seconds. Jacklin, the new man from the Michigan A. C., ran a good race, finishing second by about 4 yards, with Turner in third by 3 yards, and Dadmun, on whom the heavy track was especially severe, fourth by about 6 yards. A hard fast track or a board floor is where Dadmun, in form, is at home, otherwise he is not in it.

BOTH THE HURDLE EVENTS were extremely interesting, and the time made by the winner in each was, considering the track, equal to the world's records. The 120 final had Copland, M. A. C., Morrell, N. Y. A. C., Ducharme, D. A. C., and Schwegler, N. Y. A. C.—Lewis, A. C. S. N., Barnes and Puffer, N. J. A. C., having been disposed of in the heats, Lewis beating out Puffer for third in the first heat, and Finnerean, B. A. A., besting Barnes for the same place in the second heat. It was nip and tuck between Copland, Morrell, and Ducharme until the very last hurdle, with the first leading, and the other two running neck and neck. On the sprint in Copland pulled away, and won by a yard in 16 seconds ($16\frac{22}{100}$ electric). Ducharme and Morrell were very close. I thought the former had won, as did some others; several called it a dead heat; but the judges gave it to Morrell. At all events, it was a fine race on such a track, and the first time Copland has ever won a championship at the game at which he is indeed a champion. In the low hurdle Morrell won the first heat, with Finnerean second, in 26⅗; and Schwegler won the second, with Copland following, in 26⅘. In this heat Ducharme lost his stride 75 yards from home, and was never afterwards in it. It was Ducharme's first race of the year in the 220, and he was clearly out of form, as was also Lewis, who went out of it in this heat. In the final Morrell won as he pleased in 25⅕ seconds ($25\frac{10}{100}$ electric), with Schwegler second, and Finnerean third. Copland started, but quit at about 100 yards; he had a badly stone-bruised heel, and the wonder is he did so well in the 120. This time equals Williams's record, and, considering track, is quite as good as the 24⅘ made by J. P. Lee at Harvard (several issues ago, in commenting on this, 25½ was given in error for 24⅘) last summer. I understand, by-the-way, this performance has never been claimed, and therefore 25⅕ really stands as the record.

T. P. CONNEFF, M. A. C., won the mile and 5 miles as he pleased in 4.30⅗ (electric, $4.30\frac{56}{100}$) and 27.38⅖. He could have done much better in the mile, but that he was reserving himself for the longer distance. George, M. A. C., ran a very good race in the mile, finishing second in 4.43, with Reid, M. A. C., third. Carter, N. Y. A. C., in the 5 miles, showed up to good advantage, considering his having been out of training for so long, and really ran a good race. Though of course not in it with Conneff, he left Reid far in the rear, finishing second in 28.18⅗. Shearman, M. A. C., did well in the mile walk, and won by 5 yards from Nicoll, M. A. C., in 6.56⅗ (electric, $6.56\frac{84}{100}$). Curtis, the M. A. C. British importation, was cautioned by the judge of walking, and left the track for some unaccountable reason, unless it was he thought himself disqualified. In the 3-mile walk Nicoll cut out the pace, and he and Curtis fought it out all the way, the former winning by a short 2 yards in 23.24⅗, with Shearman 440 yards behind.

THE PERFORMANCE IN THE JUMPS was not of a high order. Nickerson, N. Y. A. C., won the high easily, with 5 feet 8⅛ inches. Long, B. A. A., and Powell, P. A. C., stuck at that height (Wiegand, N. Y. A. C., having failed two inches lower), and in the jump-off, Long cleared, and took second. The runway and landing for this and the broad were bad. Reber, P. A. C., was far behind his record of 23 feet 6⅛ inches in the broad jump, 22 feet 4½ inches being his best. His style is very fair, but nothing to what we have been led to believe. He is a large powerful fellow, takes a long run, and gets lots of power; but his form is not to be compared to Malcolm Ford, who, in my judgment, can beat him when in condition. Schwegler took second, with 21 feet 7 inches; and Potter, M. A. C., third, 21 feet 6¾ inches. Copland did not jump, and Jordan made only one or two efforts. The pole vault was a very interesting contest between Luce, D. A. C., and Crane, B. A. A., the former winning finally with 10 feet 6½ inches, and the latter clearing 10 feet 3½ inches. Casey, N. J. A. C., cleared 10 feet ¼ inch; Potter, 9 feet 5¼ inches; and Jordan, 9 feet 9 inches. Luce has an easy, beautiful style, and, as said before here, is a coming champion. He will place the event to the credit of Princeton next May.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB took the weights as usual with Mitchell and Gray; and the former made another world's record with the 56-pound, hurling it 35 feet 3½ inches, and supplanting 34 feet 6½ inches, his own record. Coghlan, M. A. C., and Queckberner, M. A. C., tied for second in this with 32 feet 8 inches; and in the throw-off the former won second place. In the hammer, Mitchell did 136 feet 1 inch; a fine performance, especially as the ground in the circle was very bad. Queckberner did only 122 feet 9 inches, and Coghlan 116 feet 1 inch. There was no 16-pound shot, but that did not prevent Gray from winning with the 14-pound one produced; his put was 46 feet 5¾ inches. Mitchell second, 42 feet ¾ inch; Queckberner, 40 feet 2 inches. The games were well managed from beginning to end, and the starting by H. S. Cornish good enough to be worthy of especial mention.

IT IS RATHER LATE to comment on the Detroit Athletic Club games held September 29th, but the exceptionally good management and high grade of entries, to say nothing of a world's record, demand a few lines at least. All the Eastern athletes on their way to the championship at St. Louis competed. The most notable performances were: Mitchell's, N. Y. A. C., world's record throw of the 16-pound hammer, 139 feet 10½ inches; Vredenburgh's, N. Y. A. C., performance in the 300-yard from the 3-yard mark in 31⅗; and Skillinger's 11⅗ from yard-and-half mark in the 120-yard flat, though he had the wind at his back. The courtesy of the D. A. C. men is proverbial, but on this occasion they quite eclipsed all previous records.

A WEAKENED TEAM, a treacherous wicket, a demon bowler, and a defeat by four wickets—such is the history in a nutshell of the second match between the Quaker City cricketers and Lord Hawke's eleven. Against this the Philadelphians can set their eight-wicket victory, and feel that the balance is in their favor. I scarcely think that the committee displayed its usual judgment, either in laying off S. Law or in filling the places of C. Coates, R. D. Brown, and W. Brockie, who were unable to play in the second match. The failure of Law to shape well at the bat in the first match does not seem to be an adequate reason for laying him off, especially when his brilliant fielding and his season's record are taken into consideration. Of the new men, S. Welsh, Jun., alone justified his choice, and even he dropped a catch the acceptance of which might have won the game for his side. Still, in the face of the failure of George S. Patterson and other cracks to score, it is quite possible that S. M. J. Woods would have proved too good for the best eleven the Quakers could have mustered. It was exasperating to see a batsman of F. E. Brewster's experience run out twice in the two matches. Any one would have thought that the smartness of the Englishmen in fielding and returning balls would have been a sufficient warning of the folly of attempting to steal runs.

THE MOST DISAPPPOINTING of the native batsmen was F. H. Bohlen. Much was expected from him on the strength of the form he has displayed in local matches; it is a matter of regret, therefore, that he did not come off in these matches. The fielding of the Philadelphians was, on the whole, good; still, it did not compare with the work of the visiting Englishmen, which has probably never been surpassed in this country. S. M. J. Woods is a wonder in the field; H. T. Hewett is a first-class point; and C. W. Wright, now he has become accustomed to the fast grounds, is a capital wicketkeeper. Of the umpiring perhaps the least said the better; but poor as it was, it was eminently more satisfactory than the rulings of the two officials in the first match, which was suggestive of either a lack of familiarity with the M. C. C. rules or the want of two strong pairs of specs.

AFTER SEEING THE ENGLISHMEN play two matches, I am able to form a pretty good estimate of their capabilities. The team, as a whole, is not by any means equal to the second team brought over by Mr. Saunders. Our former visitors were for the most part young fellows who were just then at their very best. They were particularly strong in bowling, numbering among them Messrs. Buckland, Turner, Rotherham, and Roller. There is just one first-class bowler on Lord Hawke's team—S. M. J. Woods; and good as he is on a wicket that suits him, I am inclined to doubt whether he will prove as effective as Mr. Buckland on the fast American wickets. H. T. Hewett is a rattling good bat, and so, for that matter, is Lord Hawke. Both would do better here if they would learn what balls to play and what to let alone. Apart from the above-named players there are no especially strong bats on the team. G. W. Wright I do not consider more than mediocre. As for K. J. Key, I am unable to understand his retention on the Surrey County eleven, except on the strength of past services. Concerning the Philadelphia criticisms and that of some local reporters on my estimate of the Englishmen in a recent issue, I shall have more to say in a coming number, when I have more space and time. Suffice it to say now I am not in the habit of rushing into print with statements I cannot substantiate—and this one is no exception—the defeat of Philadelphia to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE ENGLISHMEN HAVE NOT one all-round cricketer equal to George S. Patterson. As a run-getter Mr. Patterson is equal to the best of them, while in patience he is probably their superior. But Mr. Patterson is also a first-class bowler and a general of no mean ability. Of the other Philadelphia players, Walter Scott, Crawford Coates, and R. D. Brown have displayed brilliant form against the Englishmen.

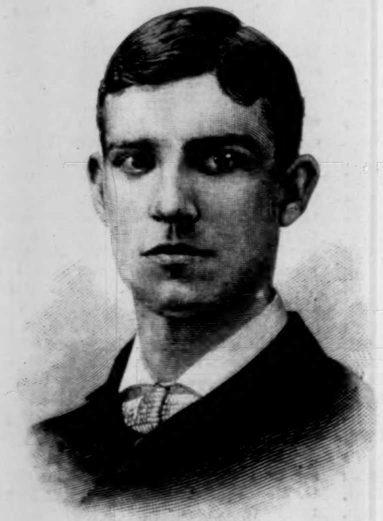
THE CRICKET EXHIBITION New York is making against the visiting Englishmen this week on Staten Island is not calculated to fill Americans with gratification, whichever way it turns out. It would have been more to New York's credit and profited the American game to greater extent had Philadelphia's example been followed, and an eleven of amateurs, even of inferior ability, presented. Sixteen players, more than half of them English and several professionals, are a nice tea party for an amateur representation.

THE ENGLISH TENNIS-PLAYER, Mr. C. G. Eames, has recently written *Pastime* a letter, in which he says: "I should like to say, as one who saw Mr. Oliver Campbell and all the other prominent players perform on many occasions last summer in New York, that in my humble opinion the American champion, or any other American player, is certainly not within 15 of our first dozen players. That the Yankees volley well there can be no question, but that their 'off-the-ground' play is of a very inferior quality is equally certain. The climate would no doubt hamper a Britisher to some extent, but even taking this into consideration, I am confident that they would not have a look in if any of our best players were to compete in their tournaments."

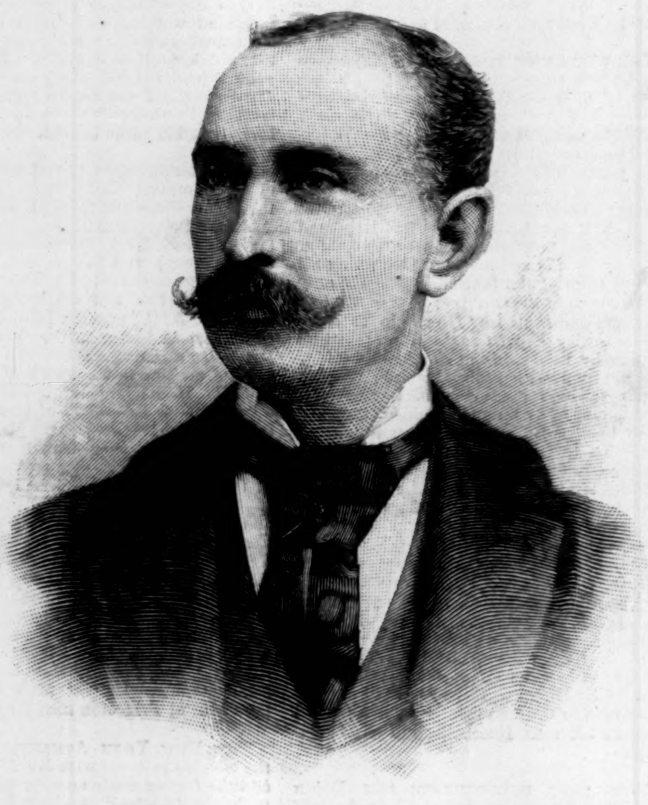
PASSING OVER THE FACT that such criticism would come with better grace from Mr. Eames had he himself while in the "States" made something of a showing against our players, it might be as well to remind him and the English tennis public that last year Mr. Deane Miller, who is not one of our cracks, and was defeated in the first round of our national tournament this year, visited the land where tennis champions are so plentifully distributed, and made a very good showing against some of England's best players. He did not meet, I believe, the very "tip-toppers," but he did meet and defeat some of those believed to be able to give him odds and a beating.

IT IS DECIDEDLY A QUESTION whether the "first dozen players" of England, or any one of them, for matter of that, could give Mr. Campbell 15 and a beating. Neither am I inclined to believe that the Englishmen really think such to be the case, for if they did, some one of this redoubtable 15-giving "first dozen" would have been over here before this looking for the American championship; they are not apt to allow good things like this to be straying around. Our national tournament, held at Newport every year, is open to the world, and we should be more than delighted to immolate our lambs on the altar of sportsmanship for any one of this formidable "first dozen" who proved to be worthy of the sacrifice. In the mean time two of our very good players, Valentine Hall and his brother E. L., will visit England next year, and as they intend playing tennis throughout the season, some of Mr. Eames's cracks will have the opportunity of appeasing their hunger for slaughter by tackling these two Americans. They may take the wire edge off the British appetite.

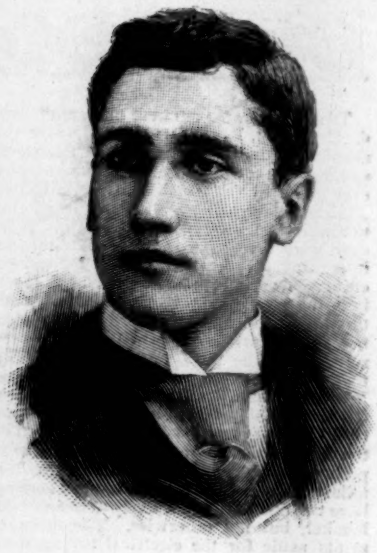
CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



J. R. WHITTEMORE, WINNER OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION ONE-MILE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP.



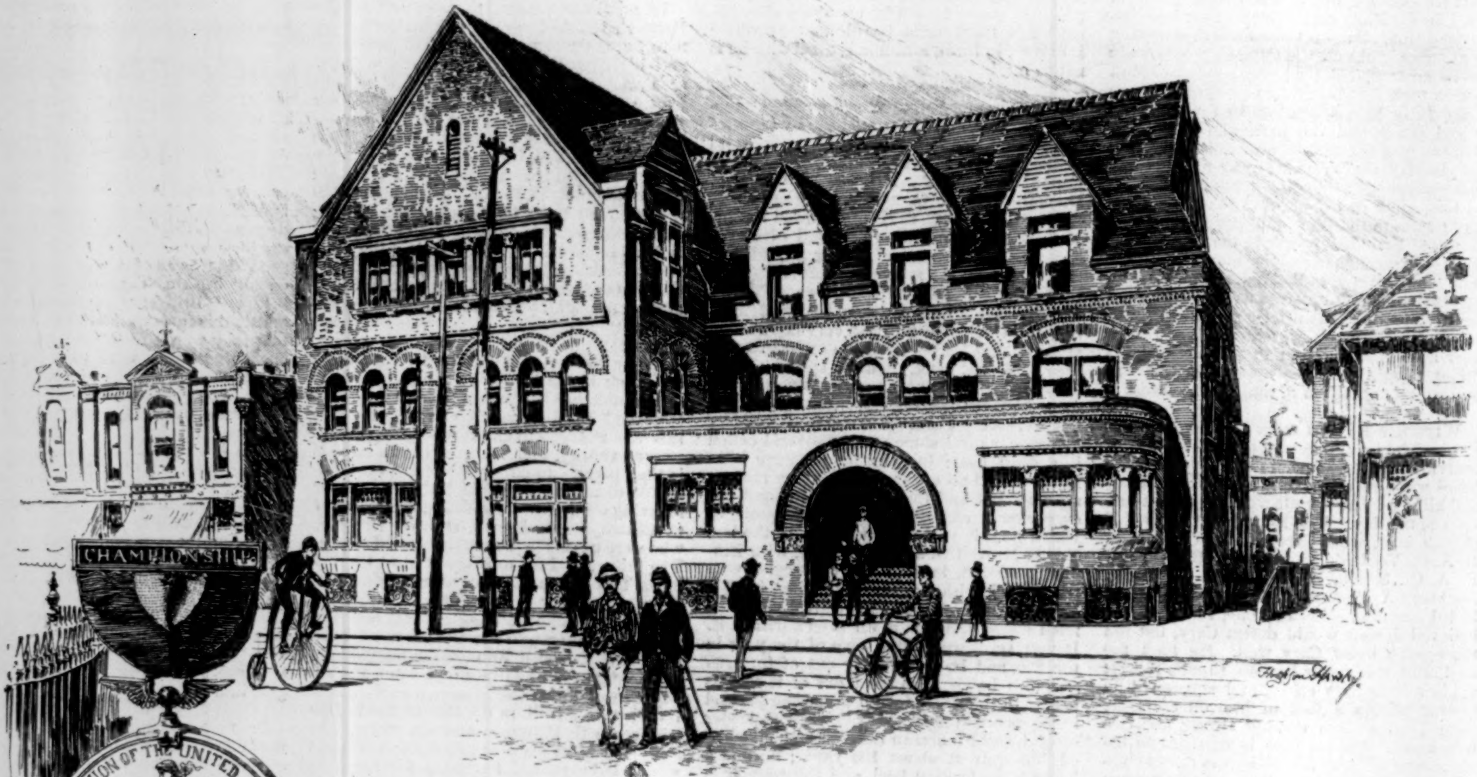
ANSON D. HARTWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB.



C. T. REBER, CHAMPION RUNNING BROAD-JUMP RECORD.

PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB OF ST. LOUIS.

THE success of the Pastime Athletic Club, shown by the opening last Saturday of its handsome new club-house, and the recognition of its importance in the athletic world through holding the national championships under its auspices, marks an era in Western athletics that is extremely gratifying to amateurs. It is not so long ago when, outside of the Detroit Athletic Club, amateur athletics in the West were left to shift unguided, and the result was far from pleasing. But now, with two such stanch supporters as the D. A. C. and the P. A. C., the future of amateur sport is assured in that section at least. Early in '89 the Western Association of Amateur Athletes was organized, and the Pastime A. C. became a member, with Harry J. Joel, afterwards P. A. C. secretary for two years, and now official handicapper of the Central Association A. A. U., as the club's representative. In the course of a few months he resigned, and Mr. S. C. Cabanne succeeded him, finally becoming the president of the W. A. A. A., and Mr. A. D. Hartwell the P. A. C. representative.



CHAMPIONSHIP
AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION OF THE UNITED STATES MDCCCLXXXVIII

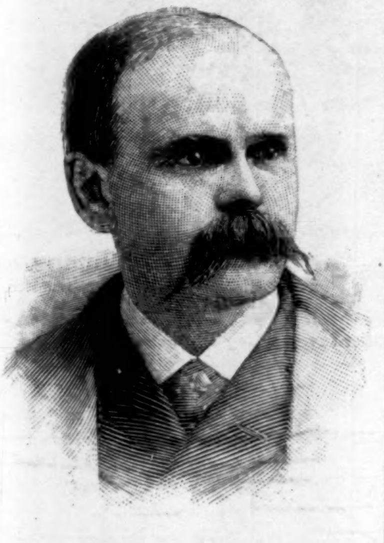
THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB-HOUSE, ST. LOUIS.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

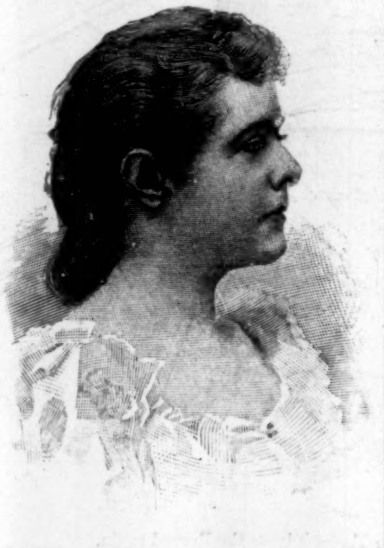
There were certain men in the W. A. A. A. who had for years in St. Louis and Chicago carried all there was in athletics around in their pockets, and whose methods were, from an amateur stand-point, so objectionable that the club was forced into an opposition which they bitterly deplored. Matters were going from bad to worse. Sunday hoodlumism, picnic games, and semi-professionalism ruled the day. In the midst of this, the P. A. C. sent Mr. Hartwell East to confer with the Amateur Athletic Union Board of Managers. The result was an effort to bring the entire W. A. A. A. into the A. A. U. that everything might go on harmoniously East and West. But it was to no purpose, the Western association refusing to entertain any proposition of the kind. This left the P. A. C. no course but to withdraw from the W. A. A. A., and join the A. A. U., which it did. This step was much more hazardous to the P. A. C. than those outside of St. Louis could realize. The club was then in its infancy, not strong, and obliged to sustain a bitter onslaught from its local enemies which did not stop short of personalities. Anson D. Hartwell was elected to represent the club in the A. A. U., and in June, '90, was elected to the A. A. U. Board of Managers. At the annual meeting at Washington he was re-elected, and upon the reorganization of the Union became vice-president of the Central Association, positions which he continues to fill with great credit to himself and his club, of which he is president.

The Pastime A. C. was organized in January, '88, with six members, and incorporated in June of the same year. Mr. Joseph A. Deffrey was made president, and held the honor for two years. At the annual meeting in January, '89, a board of nine directors was elected, composed entirely of prominent business and professional men. The question of a club-house was early agitated, and, with the increasing of membership, at last became a possibility. The result has been long coming, but worth the waiting, for the house opened last Saturday is one of the largest and most complete as well as finest structures of its kind in the West, while the membership roll reaches eleven hundred. The house stands directly opposite the western entrance to Vandeventer Place, a private park of three blocks in length, surrounded by the residences of some of the city's most wealthy citizens, and in the very centre of "West End." Twelve of these families formed an association and bought the lot, which is 100 by 154 feet, upon which the club-house stands, in order to prevent the erection of any building likely to mar the beauty of the place. They have signed over to the club the title to this lot, taking in exchange perpetual membership, to the value of their respective shares, in the Pastime Gymnasium Association, which is the business end, so far as building goes, of the club. This association originally had a capital stock of $25,000, of 250 shares at $100 each, but lately increased it to $50,000, of 500 shares, a single share of stock entitling the holder to a ten years' membership free from dues and assessments, and two and a half shares, or $250, giving the holder perpetual membership free of all dues. The Club takes possession of the club-house, which represents an investment of $85,000, under an agreement with the Pastime Gymnasium Association, for forty-nine years, one year less than the life of the latter organization. Every member of the Gymnasium Association has been elected an active member of the Pastime A. C. without initiation, and both bodies are under direct control of a Board of Managers, fifteen in number—nine from the association and six from the club. While the club is young in athletics, it has much material that promises to develop. Reber holds the running broad jump record of 23 ft. 6½ in., and is said to be a wonderful man; Whittemore holds the American one-mile swimming championship, which he won in 24 minutes 11⅗ seconds; and Powell is a high jumper who, with some training, will one of these days hold a championship.

THE LOUISVILLE CARNIVAL.

THE annual pageant of the Satellites of Mercury at Louisville, Kentucky, is always followed by a great reception and ball, at which representatives of Southern society are present in force from all the leading cities. The *entrée* to the ball is jealously guarded, and in consequence it is usually regarded as the most important social event of the year. The members of the Satellites of Mercury, gentlemen of high position, annually select a representative member of the organization to serve as King of the Carnival Reception. The King, who is usually a married man, has the privilege of choosing the Queen, who, custom requires, must be the handsomest young lady of the year. This year the King was Mr. John W. Buchanan, a leading young business man, member of one of the oldest families of the State, and connected with many strong Southern families. This illustrates the social plane upon which the carnival reception is pitched. The Queen was Miss Elise Castleman, the daughter of General John B. Castleman, who has long been distinguished in the social, political, and official life of Kentucky. Miss Castleman is a tall brunette, with graceful, commanding figure, a singularly fine and handsome face, and is celebrated in Kentucky for her accomplishments.





CHINESE FESTIVALS.

THE Chinese seem to go at things in a wrong spirit, and as our knowledge of them widens, we are much amused. The festivals of the almond-eyed folks are varied and extensive, numbering in all thirty-five. XII. Moon, 15th Day, is the festival of *Hsiao-han*, which means Slight Cold; and it strikes us as particularly funny, for we are more apt to go into mourning over a slight cold than to rejoice in it. The next holiday is *T'ieu-lung-tan*, which is celebrated in a manner becoming the Birthday of the Celestial Dragon.

Tu-han means Great Cold, and this is celebrated XII. Moon, 30th day, and a fortnight after, on the 15th Day of the I. Moon the *Li-ch'un* and the *Shang-yuen-chich* are both recognized, the first being the beginning of spring, and the second the well-known Feast of Lanterns, when they try to outdo our Fourth of July in noise and general noisy amusements. Following immediately upon this is the feast of Rain Water, and from our acquaintance with Chinese umbrellas, it seems likely that the festival is observed in-doors. After this is the *Ching-che*, and the very sound of it is suggestive of the entomological songsters that frequent the woodland at this season, for this is the day of Excited Insects. Does it not seem that the Celestial is really reversed in all his ideas? But perhaps this festival is one of propitiation, and we would most certainly have a holiday could we limit the celebrations of the excited insects themselves to one brief day. The Vernal Equinox is a perfectly natural festival, although we of the West are not partial to celebrating the changes of nature. Perhaps their weather is more certain and reliable, for a little later is the *Ch'ing-ming*, or Pure Brightness, and if we had any such holiday, we could count upon a rain-storm covering the entire country, such is the perversity of our weather, and if we had the *Ko-yü*, or Corn Rain, which is the next in order, a drought would precede and follow the celebration for a fortnight.

The Beginning of Summer is the following holiday, which is alike our social hegira; but the *Hsiao-man* has no parallel in our lives. This latter is the Small Fulness, and may be likened to the combination of the small boy and the green apple; but that period is generally one of wailing and sorrow. The Anniversary of the Death of Confucius is followed by *Mang-chung*, or Sprouting Deeds, from which we may judge that the Corn Rain duly obeyed the summons. After the Dragon Boat Festival and the Summer Solstice, which have no counterparts with us, the *Hsiao-shu*, which is interpreted as Slight Heat, may be found with us to be the beginning of vacation. The Formation of Heaven and Earth and Feast of Heavenly Gifts follow closely; and the day after the latter is the *Ta-shu*. This is Great Heat; analogous to stagnation of trade and general laziness, which is duly observed throughout our entire country. The *Li-ch'iu* is the beginning of autumn, and marks the exile of the summer girl; and *Chu-shu*, or Stopping of Heat, suggests by its accent the railroad train which bears the homeward-bound tourist.

The *Po-lu* is the White Dew that follows, which with us usually marks the exit of the straw hat. But White Dew, or our Jack Frost, seems to have given place this year to a repetition of Great Heat. The Autumnal Equinox and Midautumn Festival are the succeeding delights of the Celestial, and then comes the Cold Dew. It is hard to catalogue this day, but the coal barons must delight in it, although they have no special public celebration. Then the Birthday of Confucius and *Chung Yung Festival* are followed by Frost's Descent, which only serves to render our ideas of the colors and degrees of dews previously celebrated more perplexing than ever. The *Li-tung* marks the beginning of winter, and may be noted by us as the appearance of the ulster, and Slight Snow, musically known in the original as *Hsia-hsüeh*, is just the same as our *Li-tung*. The *Ta-hsüeh* is Great Snow, which is not celebrated with any great delight by any one except the small boy; and after this distinctively Chinese festival, the conclusion first formed regarding the very eccentric ideas of the Celestial is found to be quite correct.

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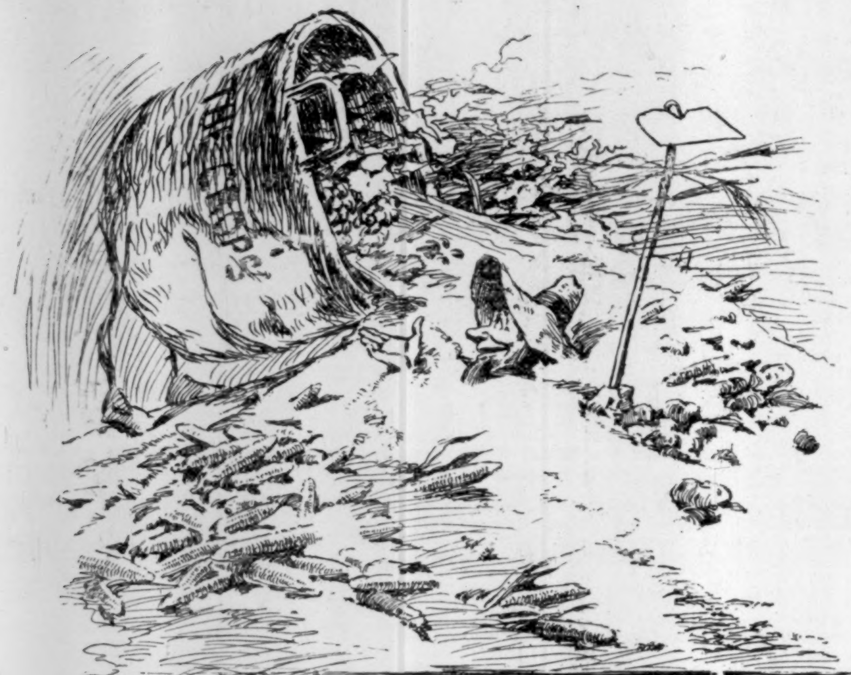

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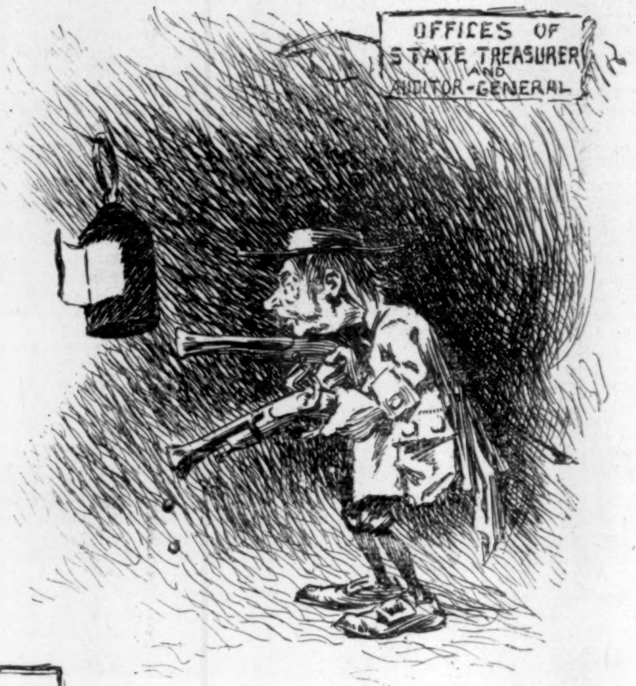
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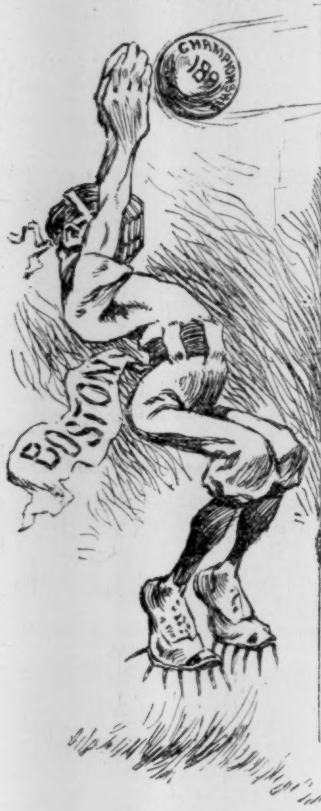
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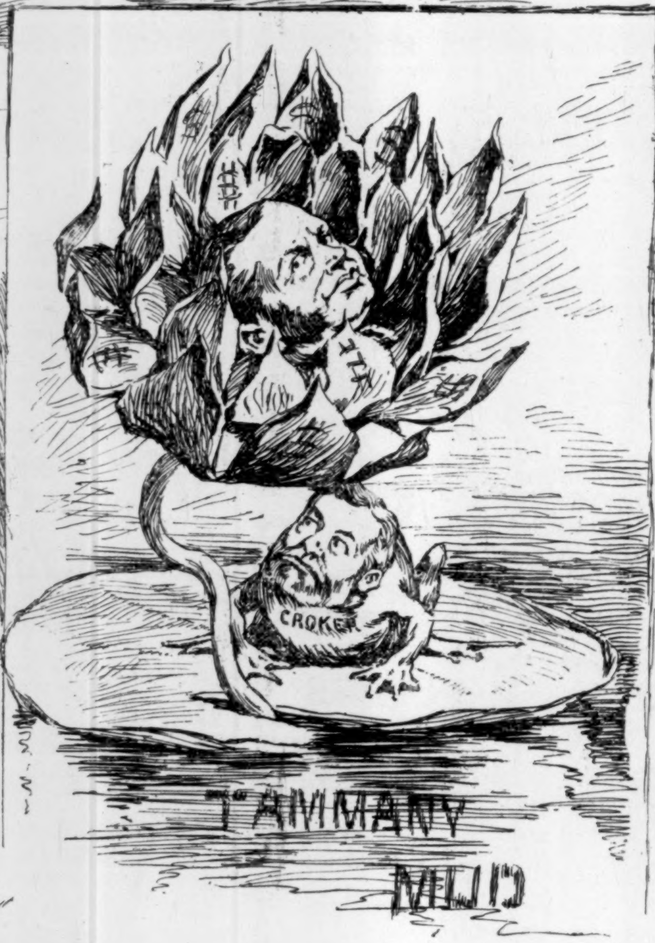
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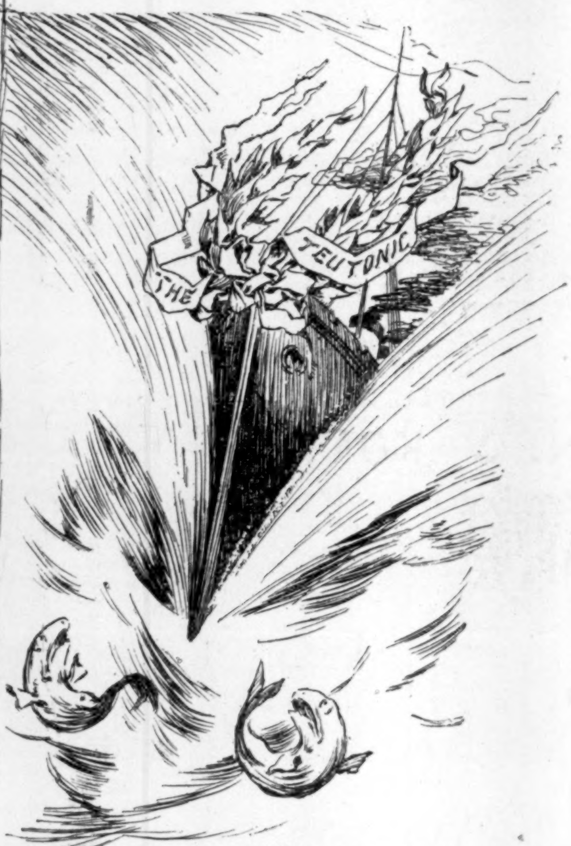
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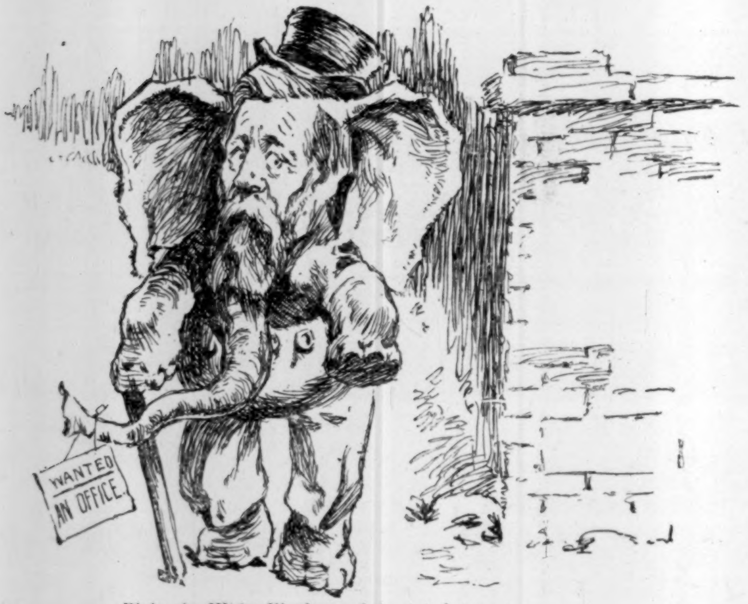
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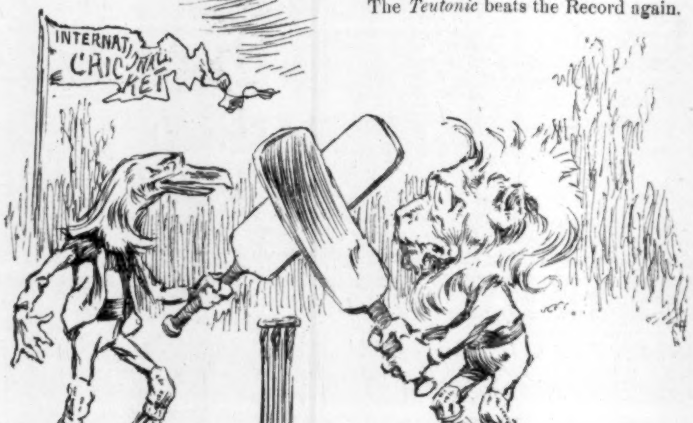
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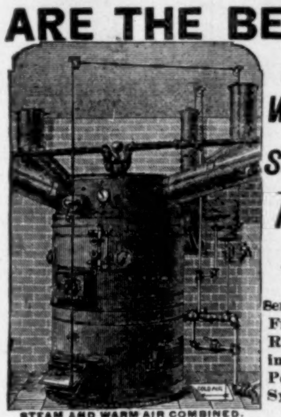
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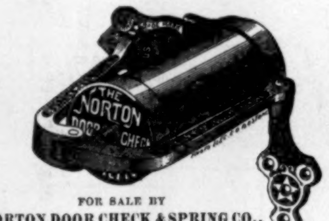

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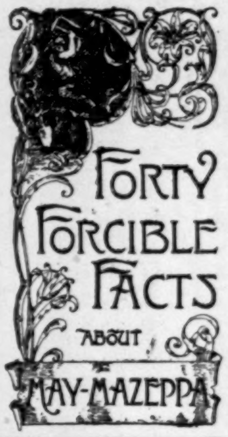
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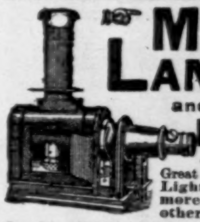

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